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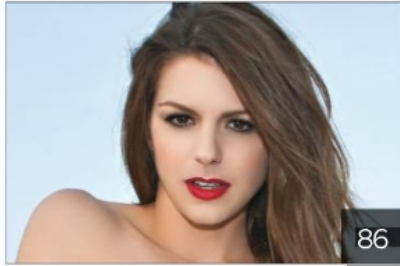
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EXTRA WOOD



Linda knew I'd figured out what she was up to because she turned toward the door. Sam had moved his head to her neck and was kissing and licking his way down her breasts. His left hand moved all the way down her slick body to rest between her legs and lightly massage her pussy lips.

As his tongue found and licked an erect nipple, two fingers parted her pussy lips and gently slipped inside. I heard her gasp before she arched her back and spread her legs a bit more, giving him better access as he started slowly pumping his fingers in and out, being sure to brush against her engorged clit in the process.

Linda rocked against his hand, moaning with pleasure as Sam alternately sucked, licked, and nibbled the tips of her sensitive nipples. She suddenly cried out, pulled his head closer to her breast, and started forcefully grinding her crotch into his hand, caught in the spasm of an intense orgasm.

She pulled his head to hers and kissed him deeply. Then she knelt down so his thick cock was level with her mouth. She took most of it between her lips and started bobbing her head while she gently massaged his back and ass with soap. Linda was taking her time, slowly sliding his rock-hard shaft in and out of her mouth. She slyly looked through the curtain at me as she licked his cock like a lollipop, making sure I could see her tongue on every inch of his shaft.

I know that she loves to watch me masturbate, so I pulled out my cock and ran my hand up and down it. While looking at me, she slid two fingers into her pussy and began finger-fucking herself, still maintaining a steady rhythm on Sam. Watching Linda finger herself very nearly caused me to lose control and shoot come all over the place, so I lightened up a little. I could hear that husky moan of hers that means she's going to come any second.

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Last winter, my wife Linda and I rented a small cabin in the mountains. Our friend Sam, who also has a cabin a few miles away, had told Linda and me to let him know when we were running low on firewood, because he had way more than he could possibly use. We decided to take him up on his offer and drove our truck up to visit him, and to pick up a supply of wood.

Sam had lots of extra wood, so he and I chopped and split logs most of the afternoon while Linda made dinner in Sam's cabin. Linda and I have always been open with each other about our dirty little fantasies. Most of them involve one of us fucking someone else while the other watches. Sam didn't know it—at least I don't think he did—but he was the star of several of my wife's hot stories. What I didn't know was that she was about to act out one of them.

After dinner and a bottle of wine, we relaxed in the living room in front of the fireplace. It had started to snow and Sam suggested we spend the night, rather than drive back in the

dark. I looked at Linda and she said it was a great idea.

I went outside to tie a tarp down over the truck bed to keep the wood dry. Sam had headed upstairs to shower, and Linda was putting away the food. It took me 20 minutes or so to get the wood covered and secured. The temperature was dropping, so I hurried back inside. I didn't see Linda, but I heard muffled voices coming from upstairs, and the shower running. The voices came from Sam's bathroom. My heart started racing and my cock thickened, as one of my fantasies involved another guy with my wife in the shower.

Through the clear plastic shower curtain, I could see they were locked in a passionate kiss while he kneaded her firm breasts. I suspected that

Suddenly Sam pulled my wife's head away from his cock, turned her around, and rammed his cock into her hot pussy.



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She quickly started bucking on her fingers, thrusting harder and harder, and was losing her concentration on Sam's cock.

Sam knew it too, and began thrusting a little harder himself. He was just about ready to explode in her mouth. They were both writhing in the shower—Sam pressed against the wall and Linda on her knees with his engorged cock in her mouth and her expert fingers working her pussy.

Suddenly Sam pulled my wife's head away from his throbbing cock, turned her around, bent her over, and rammed his cock into her hot pussy. She came immediately from that first thrust, and let the world know it. As he was banging the hell out of her, his balls were slapping her so hard that I could hear the beats over the sound of the water. Sam couldn't control himself any longer. He cried out and filled her snatch with his hot load. He was barely able to hold her up when her knees started to buckle as she came one last time. If I had been touching myself more, I would have lost it right there.

Sam pulled the shower curtain back and stepped out, feigning surprise that I'd been there all along. I looked past him to see Linda beckoning me with her lust-filled eyes. Sam just gave me a smirk and said, "You've got about 20 minutes—then it's my turn again!"—*M.J., Vermont*

■ Swing Your Partner

When we first heard about the party, Dan and I jumped at the invitation. And now that the night had finally arrived, we weren't about to waste any time. We were going to get laid—just not by each other. We scanned the room and I noticed a man making his way toward me. He complimented me on my dress and introduced himself and his wife.

Steve and Elise asked us to join them for a drink and to share their table. After some drinking and chatting, a slow song came on and Steve asked me to dance. As he caressed my ass and thighs, I ran my fingers through his hair. After a brief moment of hesitation we were kissing, his tongue tentatively probing my mouth. I glanced toward my husband and Elise. He was kissing her neck, and her hands were on his ass. Seeing them together amped up my lust, and I lowered my hand to fondle Steve's already stiff cock through his pants.

"Do you want to go to the playroom?" I asked, flicking my tongue along his ear.

Squeezing me, he nodded. I looked over toward my husband and gave him a wink, knowing he and Elise would be close behind us.

The action in the playroom was already in full swing when we arrived.

My husband was fucking Elise right alongside me. In that moment, the four of us were connected and rocking faster and faster.

Couples dotted the room, fucking and sucking with abandon. I found a spot on one of the mattresses and pulled Steve to me. He kissed me again as I unbuckled his pants, released his hard cock, and guided it to my mouth. My tongue swirled around the head and down the shaft, slowly at first, then faster, until he moaned with pleasure. I sucked him deep into the back of my throat until my nose rested on his stomach. I did this a few more times before he flipped me over and pulled up my dress, exposing my already wet pussy. Thankfully, I'd remembered to forgo panties. I glanced over at my husband, who looked up from eating Elise's pussy.

When Steve plunged inside me, I pressed my hips against him. We rocked together, his cock pushing further into me until he hit the sweet spot. I moaned. He responded by continuing to pound me rhythmically, hitting the spot again and again. My back arched and I cried out in ecstasy as my hips bucked like a wild horse, reeling as the pleasure overtook me.

My husband was fucking Elise right alongside me. He reached out and caressed my breast and we kissed. I looked at Elise and leaned over to kiss her nipple.

Her breast met my lips and she hummed a beautiful "Yeaahhh." As Steve continued to fuck me and Dan was doing Elise, my hand made its way to her clit. She sucked in her breath in a gasp of pleasure. In that moment, the four of us were connected and rocking, slowly at first, then faster and faster. Sweat mingled with sweat, our sounds blending in with the moans of the others. At the same time, Dan and Steve pulled out, coming hard all over our breasts as Elise and I shuddered with ecstasy, cried out, and kissed passionately. We collapsed together in a heap, breathing heavily for a few minutes.

Afterward, Dan and I smiled at each other all the way home, both of us feeling totally relaxed but still sexed up enough to want to fuck each other hard and fast once we arrived back home.—*J.L., New Jersey*

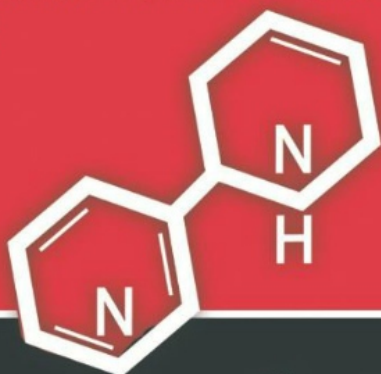
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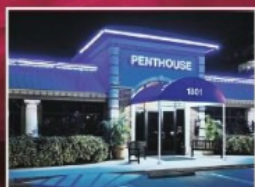
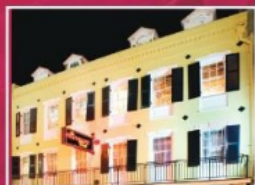
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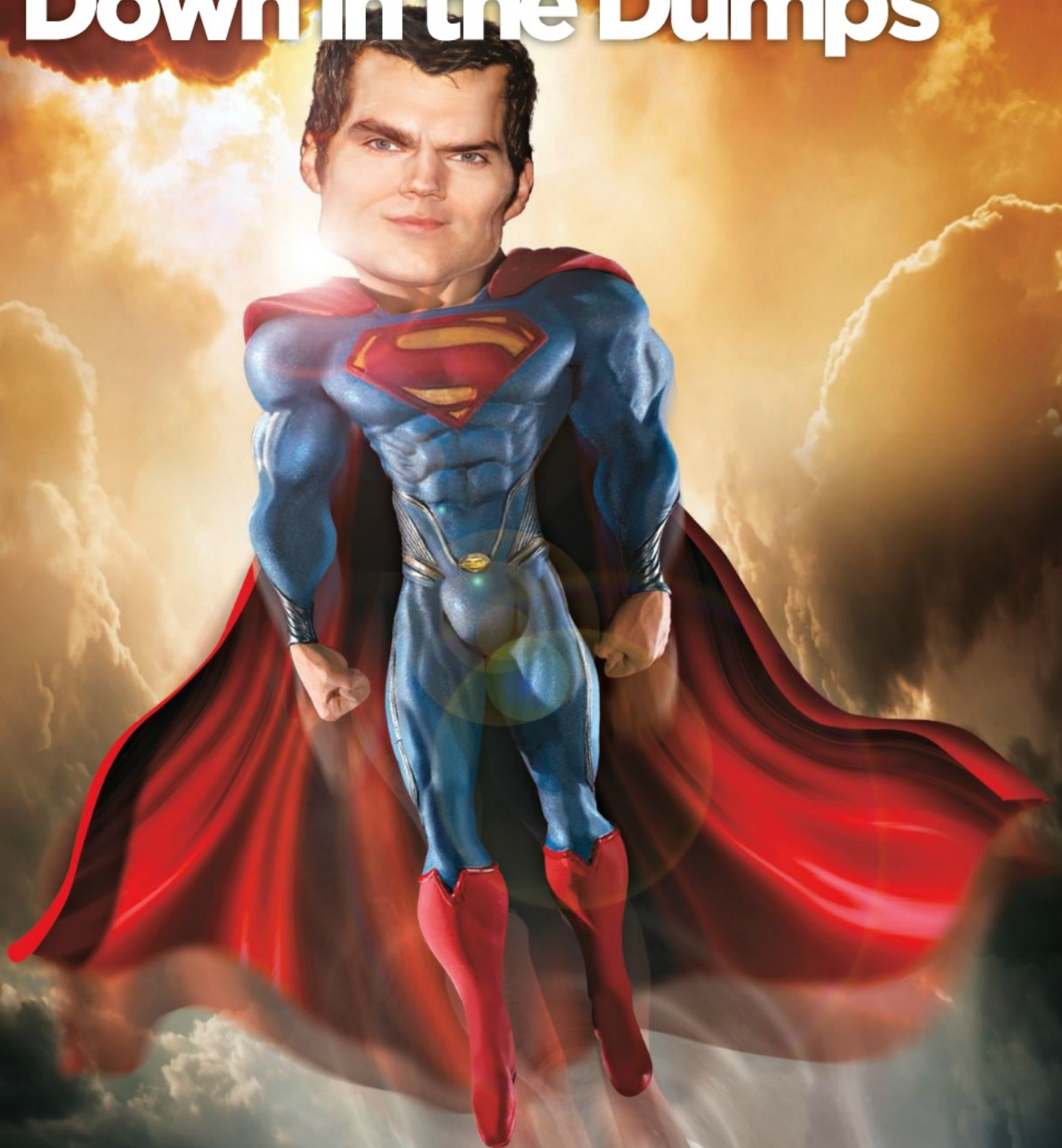


ILLUSTRATION BY REVEL-INK

In their June 14 reboot of the franchise, producer Christopher Nolan and director Zack Snyder will serve up a Superman equipped with all the traditional powers yet burdened by inner demons.



SUPER SERIOUS

The Superman franchise gets a somber-looking reboot from director Zack Snyder (*300*, *Watchmen*).



Man of Steel
Henry Cavill, Russell Crowe,
Amy Adams

The last reboot was a mere seven years ago (anyone remember Brandon Routh?), but even though, or perhaps because, those filmmakers took a paint-by-numbers approach—right down to that dorky cowlick in our hero's hair—the effort was largely forgettable. Missing was the feeling of grandeur so free-flowing in the 1978 Christopher Reeve classic. Maybe you can never go back to Krypton. Producer Christopher Nolan, the director/screenwriter of the *Dark Knight* movies, hopes to change all that: This summer's update, judging from viral trailers, telegraphs a somber, Terrence Malick-like affair, with a portentous Crowe stepping in for Marlon Brando's narrating Superdad, and fields of grass swaying in the wind. Hopefully, it's not too much. (This is supposed to be a comic-book movie, right?) Supplying the humor—such that it is—will be Amy Adams's Lois Lane and Michael Shannon's General Zod, a villain as badass as they come. Of course we have high hopes, but it may be time to stop cramming big ideas into the same old tights.



Fast & Furious 6
Vin Diesel, Dwayne Johnson,
Paul Walker

What's a Memorial Day weekend without a big, thick slice of stupid? Just to be clear, we're not referring to Diesel specifically, though Mr. Grumbles does return for an installment that goes light on the illegal-racing stuff and returns the franchise to the paramilitary mayhem everyone wanted in the first place. Thank goodness one-dimensional scowl queen Michelle Rodriguez is back (a couple of stray members of the audience will say). But what you and your red-blooded American brethren are there to see are scenes of Vin gunning a muscle car through the nose of an exploding plane. A few more moments like that and we'll call it money well spent.

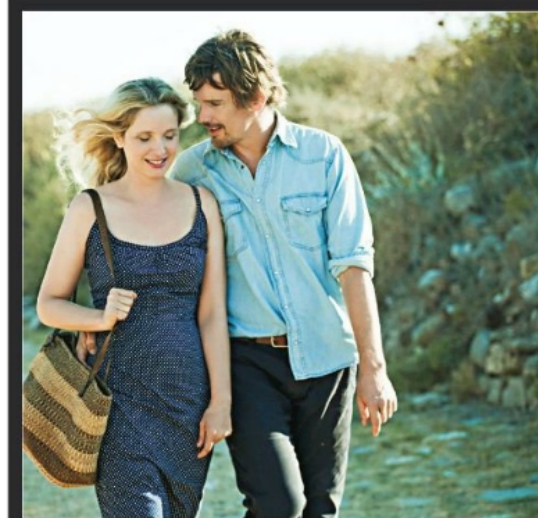


Star Trek Into Darkness
Chris Pine, Zachary Quinto,
Zoë Saldana

It's time for another one, but before you start to complain, consider how impressive the 2009 reboot was: a solidly engaging adventure that juiced up the characters and rekindled the premise's spirit of exploration while nodding to the hard-core fans at home (in their parents' basements). Give credit to director J. J. Abrams, who returns for this darker sequel before heading out for the *Star Wars* assignment. Ace British actor Benedict Cumberbatch, as a world-wrecking villain, sure seems a lot like Ricardo Montalban's Khan in the trailers—minus the Mexican accent—but we won't know for sure until the lights go down.



REVIEW



Before Midnight
Ethan Hawke, Julie Delpy

Another nine years down the line, Hawke, Delpy, and director Richard Linklater return to the romantic, flirtatious series they began with 1995's *Before Sunrise* and continued with 2004's *Before Sunset* and—surprise, surprise—the tank still has plenty of gas. Unspooling during an idyllic Greek vacation (with two young twins in the backseat), the new chapter expresses the lovely resignation of a longtime relationship eased into habit and routine. All the dialogue is effortless, with both stars hitting career highs, yet the material is tougher, resentments boiling over hypnotically. You know these fights; you've had these fights. Go when you're feeling in an adult mood. **A-**

SEX QUESTS

In this summer's *The To Do List*, a Goody Two-shoes high school grad decides to pursue the raunchy extracurriculars she missed out on, inspiring us to reflect on our favorite cinematic sexual pursuits.

American Pie

THE QUEST: Four hapless high school seniors make a pact to lose their virginity on prom night: Kevin tries to seal the deal with his longtime girlfriend; Oz takes up singing to impress a hot choir girl; Finch attempts to seduce a friend's mom; and Jim is willing to fuck just about anyone who'll have him.

THE OUTCOME: Success all around!

WHY IT'S A CLASSIC: With each humiliating roadblock along the way—including the titular pie-fucking and a premature-ejaculation debacle broadcast to the entire student body—the movie captured the cocktail of desperation and awkwardness that defines most teenage sexcapades.



Superbad

THE QUEST: High school besties Seth and Evan go on an epic mission to obtain booze for a party, in the hopes of impressing (and intoxicating) their lust interests and finally getting some action.

THE OUTCOME: Failed. They scored the booze and strengthened their bromance, but they were still virgins when the credits rolled.

WHY IT'S A CLASSIC: It's funny as hell and painfully accurate—maybe because Seth Rogen and Evan Goldberg started writing the script when they were 13 years old.



Weird Science

THE QUEST: Two high school computer geeks create a perfect virtual girlfriend—but a freak lightning bolt brings their Frankenwoman to life.

THE OUTCOME: Success, sort of. They don't get much further than an awkward kiss (and a pants-on shower) with their computer-generated girlfriend, but they do spend the night with two hot classmates.

WHY IT'S A CLASSIC: Thanks to this film, pretty much every man over the age of 30 has fantasized about Kelly LeBrock at some point in his life. And we noticed some divine inspiration for their virtual dream girl—keep your eyes peeled during the “ceremonial” bra scene, and you'll spot a *Penthouse* on the floor.



The 40-Year-Old Virgin

THE QUEST: After discovering that bike-riding, action-figure-collecting man-child Andy is still a virgin, his coworkers set out to get him laid—ASAP.

THE OUTCOME: Success. After a few hilarious failures to launch, Andy falls for a single mom and finally seals the deal.

WHY IT'S A CLASSIC: Andy's quest includes showerhead masturbation, projectile vomiting, and a tranny prostitute—and yet the American Film Institute agrees with us, naming it one of 2005's ten best. It really is that good.



Porky's

THE QUEST: To help their friend Pee Wee lose his V-card, a group of high school friends attempts to hire a prostitute at a sleazy local strip club.

THE OUTCOME: Overall success. In lieu of a prostitute, the boys get a beatdown—but they eventually exact their revenge, and Pee Wee finally gets laid.

WHY IT'S A CLASSIC: It's a terrible movie, but the raunchy plot and full-frontal shower scene earned it a cult following. Howard Stern has been trying to reboot it for years, but the project has been stalled by legal snags.



Risky Business

THE QUEST: When his parents go on vacation and leave him home alone, a rich kid with Ivy League aspirations has some fun and hires a hooker—then gets caught up in becoming a part-time pimp.

THE OUTCOME: Big-time success: Rebecca De Mornay's hooker is hot, the kid's parents are none the wiser, and he gets into Princeton after his homespun brothel impresses the interviewer.

WHY IT'S A CLASSIC: Tom Cruise managed to transform a raunchy teen comedy into a smart satire about the spoils of suburbia—and helped Ray-Ban sell a few hundred thousand pairs of Wayfarers in the process.



Revenge of the Nerds

THE QUEST: Computer-science geeks Lewis and Gilbert don't just want to get laid—they want to get back at the bitchy sorority girls who humiliated them and the jocks who vandalized their frat house. But they earn a spot on our list, thanks to their voyeuristic revenge tactics.

THE OUTCOME: The nerds triumph in more ways than one—not only do they take over the Greek Council, but Lewis bangs his archrival's girlfriend.


WHY IT'S A CLASSIC: Nerds crush jocks—it's the ultimate triumph of the underdog.



Fast Times at Ridgemont High

THE QUEST: The closest thing to a virtuous quest here is womanizer Mike Damone's efforts to get his best friend, Rat, properly laid. But after Rat shies away from taking advantage of fellow freshman Stacy, Damone steps up to the plate—then knocks her up and bails on the abortion money.

THE OUTCOME: Temporary failure. Stacy and Rat ended up together, but according to the movie's epilogue, they hadn't yet consummated the relationship. Then again, it's been three decades, so we'll assume it's happened by now.

WHY IT'S A CLASSIC: The poolside fantasy sequence with a topless Phoebe Cates is still one of the hottest things ever on-screen. 

ROUGH TERRAIN

Ditching the romantic-comedy trappings of her debut feature, *The Freebie*, actor/director Katie Aselton does a 180 in her dark follow-up, *Black Rock*.

Interview by John Bolster

Katie Aselton, a costar on *The League* and director of the winning indie romantic comedy *The Freebie*, was channel surfing one night when she came across the John Boorman classic *Deliverance*. "I said, 'See? Now *that's* the kind of thriller I like,'" she recalls. "I like that versus a *Saw* or *Paranormal Activity*. The idea that it could potentially happen to me is such a crazy mind fuck. So much more terrifying than black goo coming out of the air conditioner."

Prompted by her husband and *League* costar Mark Duplass, who told her that the opportunity to create an action-horror flick probably wasn't going to fall in her lap, she set about making her own, in the spirit of *Deliverance* and its ilk. The result is *Black Rock*, featuring Aselton, Kate Bosworth, and Lake Bell as childhood friends reunited for a camping trip on a rugged, deserted island off the coast of Maine. An encounter with a trio of Middle East war vets who've come to the island to hunt goes horribly awry, and the women become prey. The battle for survival that ensues won't make anyone forget *Deliverance*, but Aselton's choice to place three female characters with no experience in violence into an acute, kill-or-be-killed scenario represents a different take on the genre. Also: The girls get naked.

Aselton spoke to *Penthouse* recently about going au naturel on camera, staging action versus romantic comedy, and the time she nearly killed one of her costars.

This is a big departure for you. Where did the germ of this idea come from?

After *The Freebie*—which was all shot in interiors and was very sensitive, talking about our feelings—I wanted to be outside, and I wanted to use my body and physically hurt someone. I had never done anything in the action, thriller, horror-type genre before, and I was curious about it. I loved the idea of getting superphysical while I still can, and doing something completely outside my wheelhouse.

Did you guys do all your own stunts?

We did, and I have all the scars to prove it.

How cold was that water?

It was freezing. You know I nearly killed Lake Bell?

No, what happened?

I sent her into a 24-hour asthma attack induced by hypothermic temperatures. It was crazy. We were wearing wet suits, but what I didn't know about wet suits is that you have to let in a layer of water, and your body has to heat that up. Well, that water was *silly* cold. There's a line, delivered by Kate Bosworth earlier, that is very true: If you're in that water for more than 15 minutes in August, you will die of hypothermia. There was also something terrifying about being in the actual ocean at night. I have watched enough movies to know that that is when the shit goes down.

That is scary. That's feeding time.

Exactly. I don't think we have sharks [there], but they probably came up, just knowing [we were there].

There are also several scenes in which you and Lake Bell are naked in

the woods and you're being hunted— There are several of those, aren't there?

[Laughs] Can you talk about—

Wait a second, what magazine is this for again?

I'll keep it PG, I promise. But can you talk about the experience of shooting those scenes?

Honestly, I think the buildup to it was more terrifying than the actual shooting of it. But first off—what female filmmaker/actor decides to put herself naked next to Lake Bell? **[Laughs]** That was the scariest part. It only hit me like a week before: I watched her walk across the room at one point and I was like, *Oh, shit! What have I done?* But I love that scene, because the connection between the two girls was so intense, and so real, that you sort of forget you don't have clothes on. We also had a very respectful crew, and the idea of being naked is so different, I think, when it's not in a sexual context. To know that you're doing it for survival and that it's not ... exploitative at all.

It kind of has a *Lord of the Flies* savagery about it.

Yeah. And it is the point where those characters fall into their primal instincts and they become incredibly animalistic from that point on. Their will to survive overrides everything else. So I love that they get all naked



and dirty, like they're animals—really fucking hot animals.

Can you talk about the challenges of shooting action and violence as opposed to romantic comedy?

It's as polar opposite as you can get. But it was interesting to explore this genre while still trying to maintain the line of truth and reality and simplicity, and part of that bleeds into the action scenes looking really sloppy and ugly. Because I don't want the girls to secretly know kung fu. That may *look* better cinematically, but if you're telling a truthful story, like, I've never thrown a punch in my life. To approach an action sequence, in that respect, was kind of fun, and a little different. Like, *Wait, do you know how to kill someone? No? All right, cool. Well, let's go try to kill someone.*

You mentioned *Deliverance*, but did other movies influence this project?

[Anything that] holds that line of very realistic, terrifying situations. *Cape Fear*, the original and the remake, even *The River Wild*. It's a terrifying question: If you were ever in a situation where you or a loved one was threatened, would you be able to take a human life? For me, the realization as I got older, and became a wife and a mother, that I would kill for someone that I care about is kind of wild.


The scene where your character is being over-the-top flirty before the incident in the woods seems purposely ambiguous, and I think some people—especially people on internet comment boards—might say things along the lines of “she brought it on herself.” How would you respond to that?

Isn't that always the argument? “She asked for it.”

It is. But in this case, she's definitely being very provocative.

I mean, is it utterly cliché to say “no means no”? I don't think he needs to backhand her. You can lead someone on, and then you get to a point and you say no, and it's unfortunate, but you move on from there.

Do you have any desire to do a straight-up comedy now, after this?

Absolutely. Let's go back to the relationship, talky-talky stuff. 



Fuse

ELECTRONIC ARTS (XBOX 360, PS3)

At first glance, this third-person shooter from developer Insomniac (the studio behind the *Resistance* series) looks like a *Gears of War* doppelgänger—right down to its thick-necked goons and levels loaded with cover-providing obstacles. But *Fuse* is proof that you can't judge a shooter by its cover system. The game requires more than dead-eye aim and proper stop-and-pop timing to survive. Unlike other cooperative-multiplayer titles, *Fuse* actually rewards teamwork and the clever use of your arsenal.

The game's name refers to both its explosive combat and its otherworldly energy source, a dark matter recovered from a Roswell-style UFO crash. As you'd expect, this *Fuse* stuff falls into the wrong hands, and it's up to the player and three online squad mates to neutralize the threat. Think of them as the A-Team with energy weapons. Each player wields a unique gun or ability that

riffs off the weapons and skills of the other team members. One character can project a force field that blocks enemy shots and boosts the firepower of teammates' weaponry. Another character lobbs grenades that heal damaged comrades. A third player can turn invisible to sneak behind enemies and flank them.

Mindless gunning and running won't get your team far. Enemy encounters often play out like puzzles, requiring the proper combination of weaponry and tactics to survive to the next battle. Although you can play *Fuse* solo and quantum-leap among your computer-controlled cohorts, it's more fun when you enlist flesh-and-blood teammates. Just remember to call shotgun on the guy with the force field.



INJUSTICE: GODS AMONG US
WARNER BROS. INTERACTIVE
(XBOX 360, PS3, Wii U)

Superhero showdowns have always been the subject of geeky debate. Now the team behind *Mortal Kombat* is settling these age-old disputes with this battle royal featuring DC Comics's iconic characters. Heroes and villains—including the Joker, Greens Arrow and Lantern, Nightwing, Lex Luthor, and even Aquaman—square off in an alternate universe where Superman and Batman lead warring factions. Combatants can incorporate the environment into their attacks and knock opponents into neighboring zip codes using unique superabilities. Summon the Batmobile, for instance, to unleash a hit-and-run attack that will leave Aquaman sleeping with the fishes.



CALL OF JUAREZ: GUNSLINGER
UBISOFT (XBOX 360, PS3, PC)

Billy the Kid, Pat Garrett, Jesse James—the gang's all here in this lead-slinging homage to spaghetti Westerns. You play a bounty hunter in hot pursuit of the Wild West's most notorious outlaws, whose exploits unfold in a mashup of historical fact and pulp fiction. Steamboat shootouts, stagecoach robberies, and showdowns at high noon follow (as well as the occasional rest stop at the local brothel). The game's pistol play is more *Django Unchained* than *Unforgiven*, with Colt .45 combo attacks mowing down saloons full of enemies in microseconds. The scenery is no less spectacular. Desert mesas, high chaparral, and tumbleweed-strewn streets all look as if they were shot by the lens of Sergio Leone.



COMPANY OF HEROES 2
SEGA (PC)

With its menu-based interface and above-the-battlefield perspective, this game might seem too brainy for bros who prefer the visceral thrills of first-person blasting. But give this war a chance. It's set on the Eastern Front during World War II, and lets you relive the bloodiest battles between the Soviet Red Army and the Germans, complete with heavy artillery and the extreme cold of Mother Russia. Fully destructible structures mean you can't take cover behind barns and brick walls for long. The winter weather also adds strategic wrinkles. Soldiers can die of frostbite if they don't seek shelter, and frozen rivers become risky roadways for tanks and half-tracks. Shoot the ice just right and—*crack!*—enemy vehicles plunge into the icy drink.



PIXEL PUSHERS

New-school games with old-school graphics.



Ridiculous Fishing

Vlambeer (iPhone)
Drop your line, reel in as many marine creatures as possible, and then blast them to chum when they break the surface to rake in cash for better gear. The concept here isn't exactly deep, but it'll sure hook you.



Super T.I.M.E. Force

Capybara Games (Xbox 360)
This silly side-scroller doesn't make you restart every time you die. Instead, your deceased former selves time-jump to before their deaths and rejoin the fray until the screen is a chaotic mess of clones.



Star Command

War Balloon Games (PC, Mac, smartphones, and tablets)
Explore strange new worlds—then blow 'em to smithereens. You'll hire crew, upgrade your starship's systems, and embark on missions across a low-definition galaxy.

REVIEWS

Man and Mouse

The confoundingly named psych-poppers Portugal. The Man team up with Danger Mouse on their latest, *Evil Friends*.

By John Bolster



Portugal. The Man
Evil Friends
Atlantic Records
★★★

The bane of music-column copy editors the world over, Portugal. The Man have been releasing roughly one album per year since 2006, with each installment of their glammy, psychedelic pop meeting more acclaim than the last. That's unlikely to change with the release of *Evil Friends*, their eighth album and second since making the jump to Atlantic Records in 2011. Produced by the celebrated Danger Mouse, the new record has as much stylistic variety as previous efforts, and its disparate elements—a little Beatles-esque chamber pop here (“Someday Believers”), some garage-y riffage (“Evil Friends”) or whooshing psychedelia (“Hip Hop Kids”) there—fit together seamlessly. As the title suggests, there’s a dark lyrical bent to the proceedings. On “Atomic Man,” John Gourley sings, “After you, hell should be easy,” over a fuzzy riff, while on the piano-driven “Creep in a T-shirt” he sneers, “I don’t fuckin’ care.” But it’s all buoyed up, and held in place, by the band’s consistent tunefulness.



Eleanor Friedberger
Personal Record
Merge
★★★

After years of deploying her velvety contralto in the Fiery Furnaces, the eclectic indie-rock outfit she founded with her brother Matthew (see sidebar), Eleanor Friedberger kicked off a solo career in 2011 with the well-received, understated *Last Summer*. This summer, with the Furnaces on hiatus, comes the follow-up, another collection of cozy, seventies-influenced pop. On country-tinged tracks like “I’ll Never Be Happy Again” and “My Own World,” Friedberger distills a special kind of aching beauty. Other gems include the spare “Echo or Encore” and the indie-rocking “When I Knew.” The touchstones may be Fleetwood Mac and early Neil Young, but Friedberger’s alluring voice and lyrics, along with her ace backing band’s rich, mellow textures, make this project fly on its own terms.



The Stranglers
Giants
All My People & Fontana/
INGrooves
★★

You might think this is a reunion project from one of the pillars of the 1970s English punk scene, but no: The Stranglers never broke up, and have been recording and touring more or less continuously since 1974. They even had a Top 40 hit in the U.K. in 2004, and are currently touring the U.S. for the first time in 20 years to promote this, their 17th album. The band’s signature keyboard-and-bass-driven sound remains, but the songs are occasionally plodding (“Boom Boom”) and the lyrics sometimes clunky (“Freedom Is Insane”). Yet the opening instrumental, “Another Camden Afternoon,” is a solid showcase for their core strengths; “Mercury Rising” has an infectious keyboard-and-bass hook; and the off-kilter “Lowlands” is loaded with ragged charm.



Surfer Blood
Pythons
Warner Bros.
★★ 1/2

Pop bands that blend the sweet with the aggressive date back at least as far as the Ramones, and include such acts as the Pixies and Nirvana, to name just two. Add Surfer Blood, who turned heads with their 2010 debut, *Astro Coast*, to the lengthy list. For the first four tracks of their follow-up, they absolutely nail the mixture—crackling stabs of guitar and thumping drums offset hummable melodies and frontman John Paul Petts’s sweet tenor, each side lifting the other higher. “Demon Dance” opens with guitar squalls, and “Weird Shapes” features a Pixies-like roar on the chorus. But on track five, “Squeezing Blood,” the balance tips too far toward the sweet, and the album loses momentum until the winning melody of closer “Prom Song.” But man, does it come roaring out of the gate.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (PORTUGAL. THE MAN) MEGHAN BENSON, (FRIEDBERGER) ROGER KISBY, (THE STRANGLERS) JENNY HARDCORE, (SURFER BLOOD) ZACHARY ALEXANDER BENNETT

All in the Family

Brother-sister duos like Eleanor and Matthew Friedberger have been a part of pop music since the 1960s. Here's a sampling.



Siblings: Ricky and Cindy Wilson

Band: **The B-52s**

Roleplaying: Both were founding members of the innovative New Wave party band, as the late Ricky built the backbone of their sound with his surf-inflected guitar, and Cindy provided songwriting, supersexy harmonies, call-and-response vocals, and stellar beehive hairdos.

Highlights: "Rock Lobster," "Planet Claire," "Private Idaho," "Roam"

Family factoid: Ricky, who passed away in 1985, played guitar on former Television frontman Tom Verlaine's solo debut. Cindy has twice taken personal leaves from the B-52s, returning to the band after each one.



Siblings: Karen and Richard Carpenter

Band: **The Carpenters**

Roleplaying: He was the arranger and keyboardist, while she was the singer and, early in their career, an accomplished drummer.

Highlights: They had 12 Top 10 hits, including three No. 1s and five No. 2s, and they sold more than 100 million units in albums and singles.

Family factoid: Richard despised their squeaky-clean image, calling it the work of A&M executives, and lashed out at critics who judged them based on it, rather than their music.



Siblings: Eleanor and Matthew Friedberger

Band: **The Fiery Furnaces**

Roleplaying: He arranges most of the experimental indie duo's songs, and she does most of the singing (though she also writes her own songs; see previous page). They both contribute lyrics.

Highlights: *Gallowsbird's Bark* (2003), *I'm Going Away* (2009), and, for the truly dedicated, *Blueberry Boat* (2004).

Family factoid: "We have a very similar taste in rock music," Matthew told *StereoSubversion*. "Um, yes. We are on the same page at all times. But, of course, we're not. [Laughs] And that's a good thing."



Siblings: Barbara and Ethan Gruska

Band: **The Belle Brigade**

Roleplaying: She plays guitar and drums; he plays piano and guitar. They both sing.

Highlights: "Losers," "Where Not to Look for Freedom."

Family factoid: Their grandfather is Oscar-winning composer John Williams, who scored *Star Wars*, *Jaws*, *Lincoln*, and many other films.



Siblings: Sly and Rose Stone

Band: **Sly and the Family Stone**

Roleplaying: He was the driving force behind the Rock and Roll Hall of Famers, singing, songwriting, producing, and playing multiple instruments. She sang and played keyboards.

Highlights: "Dance to the Music," *Stand!*, *There's a Riot Goin' On*, *Fresh*.

Family factoid: In a 2007 interview with *Vanity Fair*, the famously reclusive Sly said he has "maybe 200" unreleased new songs.

Class Reunions

Black Sabbath reunited for an album of new material that's expected this summer. Can these acts be next, please?



UNCLE TUPELO

Wilco is cool, and Son Volt, Jay Farrar's Americana band, is good, too. But Jeff Tweedy and Farrar had something special in Uncle Tupelo, which was to alt-country what Nirvana was to grunge.



ERIC B. & RAKIM

The first half of this legendary East Coast hip-hop duo is no longer in the music business, so this one may be a long shot, but who wouldn't like to see them back in the game, performing such unstoppable old-school classics as "Microphone Fiend" and "Let the Rhythm Hit 'Em"?




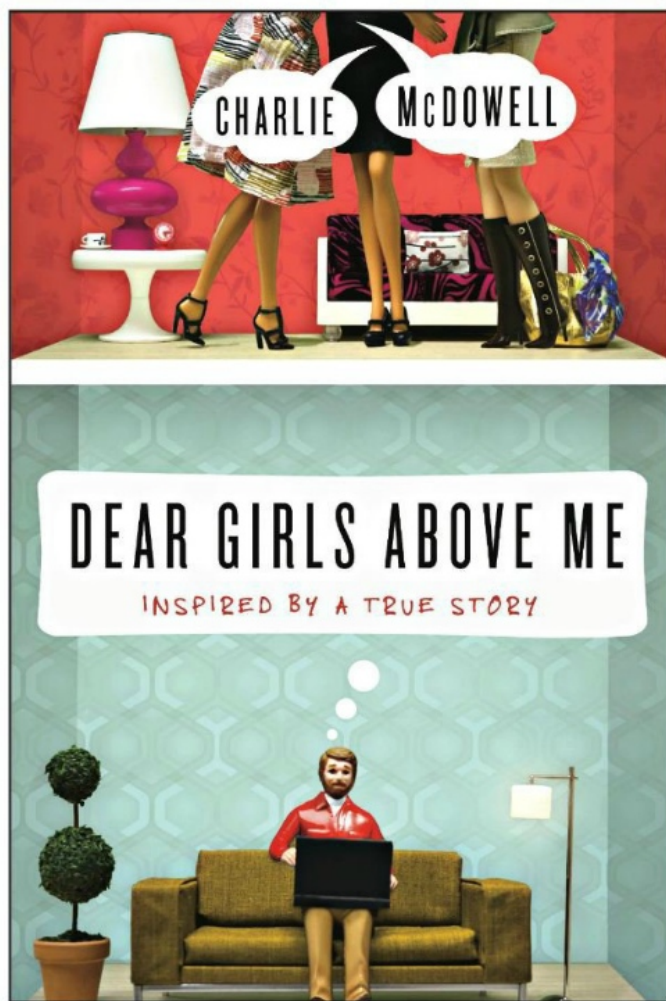
MINOR THREAT

Hey, they're all still more or less active in music: Ian MacKaye is in the Evens, Jeff Nelson is in Fast Piece of Furniture and owns a record label, Lyle Preslar ran Caroline Records for a while and is married to a VH1 exec, and Brian Baker is in Bad Religion. Someone start a petition; we want to hear them play "In My Eyes."



THE WHITE STRIPES

They officially broke up in 2011, but they haven't played live since 2009, and their last album came out in 2007. It's not too soon for a reunion. 



GIRL TALK

In an amusing new book inspired by real life, Charlie McDowell learns a lot by overhearing the conversations of his chatty, featherbrained upstairs neighbors.

Dear Girls Above Me

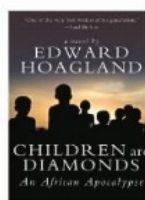
By Charlie McDowell

Three Rivers Press



A few years ago, aspiring filmmaker Charlie McDowell transformed the lemons of having unwanted access to his noisy upstairs neighbors' private conversations into the lemonade of an enjoyable Twitter feed highlighting choice bits of their ditzy discourse. (Example: On Casey Anthony—"The verdict is not guilty!?" (Pause) So is she going to jail or no?" *What's confusing you, the word "verdict" or "not"?*?) Now he's created an entertaining roman à clef based on his experiences living underneath the "Winston Churchill and Benjamin Franklin of the 90210 generation." With a deftly humorous light touch, McDowell chronicles his own love life, that of his possibly gay roommate, and the impact on both wielded by the ever-present Greek chorus, the titular "girls above" him. McDowell's self-deprecating tone and the genuine affection he develops for his subjects charmingly obscure the fact that this is a project based on obsessive eavesdropping.

Book of the Month by a Great Writer You've Never Heard Of



**Children Are Diamonds:
An African Apocalypse**
By Edward Hoagland
Arcade Publishing

Hoagland has written 23 books, a dozen short stories, and scores of essays. No less an authority than Saul Bellow called him "one of the very best writers of his generation," while John Updike said Hoagland is the "best essayist" of his time. He's lived a colorful life, with stints in the Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus, the Army, and Harvard, and has made voyages to Alaska, Africa, the Middle East, and Asia. His latest is a novel about the rampant civil unrest in Africa, the tribal atrocities, and child-soldiers coerced into action by the likes of Joseph Kony (remember him?) and his Lord's Resistance Army.

Unexpectedly Sexy Excerpt of the Month



From Unmastered: A Book on Desire, Most Difficult to Tell
By Katherine Angel
Farrar, Straus, and Giroux

Angel, who has a PhD from Cambridge and is a former postdoctoral fellow at the University of Warwick, has created a meditative, academic collection of sketches on sex and lust, from her own patchwork feminist perspective. Before you say "no thanks," take a look at this excerpt:

"One night, as early morning light grew outside and we lay entangled, a blur of skin and limbs and mouths, I spoke dreamily of how I loved his big frame towering over me during sex; how much I loved his powerful arms around my neck while he came into me from behind; how I loved feeling

the strength of him as he fucked me—yes, as *he* fucked *me*, because—let's not be coy or disingenuous—that's definitely what was happening.

"I trailed off in my reverie. He looked at me, shifting his head back as if to get a clearer view, and said, You're not really a feminist are you?

"I laughed.

"I didn't explain why."

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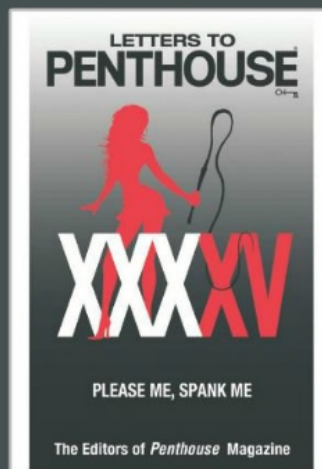
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THE SNAKE AWAKENS

We thought they killed it in 2010, but the Viper returns to strike again.

By Bill Heald



It was a dark day indeed in 2010 when Chrysler announced that it was discontinuing production of the uniquely American (and very exclusive) Dodge Viper, and to help ease the pain of this poisonous news we celebrated the last version on these pages. We did this even though we'd been told there were no plans to resurrect the V-10-powered hard-core sports car, but even dire economic circumstances failed to keep the snake in hibernation for long. The new SRT Viper (the Dodge nameplate has been shed like old skin as the big creature grows) is here, and is even more amazing than its previous incarnation. This may be a case where some time away from production was a really good thing, for while the SRT's performance has been pumped up, the engineers also took some of the track-oriented roughness out of the car, making it more civilized, and therefore more desirable, than any version to date.

"Beyond being the flagship for the new SRT brand, the launch of the 2013 Viper proves that we simply would not let the performance icon of the Chrysler Group die," says Ralph Gilles, President and CEO, Street and Racing Technology Brand and Motorsports, Chrysler Group LLC. "Willed to live on by a very special group of performance enthusiasts inside the company and across Viper Nation," Gilles continues, "this SRT team under our new leadership was challenged to not just continue the

SPECIFICATIONS

Body style	Two-door coupe
Engine	8.4-liter V-10
Power	640 horsepower
Torque	600 foot-pounds
Transmission	Six-speed manual
Front tires	295/30 ZR18
Rear tires	355/30 ZR19
Curb weight	3,431 pounds

PERFORMANCE

0-60	3.5 seconds
Top speed	206 mph
Fuel	16 gallons
EPA mpg	12 city/19 highway
Base price	\$120,395



legendary Viper, but to create the fifth generation of our world-class supercar that would showcase the very best we have to offer."

Fortunately, they left intact all the things that made the Viper such a unique commodity, such as the evocative body shape and a truly boisterous big-block V-10 engine that sounds like nothing else in the class (or on the road, for that matter). Now, at 640 horsepower and 600 foot-pounds of stump-ripping torque, the SRT folks claim this 8.4-liter monster is the most torque-rich normally aspirated (i.e., free of turbo or supercharging) engine in the production sports-car world. The lone transmission is a six-speed Tremec manual, fortified to dole out all that torque to the rear wheels reliably, even under the harsh environment of the racetrack. The Viper's three-year hiatus from production means the engineers not only had time to address some weaknesses from the past, but they could also apply the latest black-box electronics to increase performance, safety, and refinement.

There are two models available, the Viper and the Viper GTS, and we focus on the latter, because it is truly the ultimate expression of high-dollar domestic performance in a very sensual package. This model builds on the standard Viper (which has

such features as a 50 percent stiffer body structure than before, steering wheel-mounted launch control, and an exotic carbon-fiber-and-aluminum body), with advancements like a two-mode suspension system with Bilstein DampTronic Select shock absorbers. This features street and track settings, and by using a softer setting for road use, the Viper is designed to be much less harsh than in the past (which your lone passenger will no doubt appreciate, as a violent reaction to a pothole can upset the digestion after a romantic dinner).

The interior is as sharp as the chassis, and enhances your ride while exploiting the car's superb cornering capabilities. Racing seats by Sabelt have a Kevlar-and-fiberglass shell for support and durability, and changes to interior architecture deliver more room than before. But the most pleasing feature of the new Viper GTS is how it's still an absolutely unique piece of handmade domestic muscle that thunders its way into the souls of enthusiasts, collectors, and even people who know little about exotic automobiles.

The time away has managed to sharpen the fangs on this snake, while making it more comfortable and ultimately more enticing. All this, when we'd feared tough financial times had buried this icon forever. There's a lesson in there for all of us. **OH**



TOURING WITH ATTITUDE

Honda's luxurious Gold Wing slims down and goes to town.

By Bill Heald

There are many sources of inspiration for the designs of cars and motorcycles, but custom-bike builders have a much greater influence on manufacturers compared to their automotive equivalents. Motorcyclists love to tinker even more than car folks do, and even an enormous luxury touring bike can be an excellent canvas for creating something wild.

The Honda Gold Wing launched a new genre when it appeared in 1975, and over the years has been the benchmark bike for those who want to travel in high style (through just about any weather), with the latest amenities and absolutely peerless comfort for your passenger. The Gold Wing has also been special because the massive motorcycle handles better than you might think possible, until you attack a serpentine stretch of blacktop on one. This is especially true of the latest generation of





the bike (the GL1800), which has an absolutely huge aluminum twin-spar frame to serve as the foundation for an equally massive flat-six engine. This backbone is also the mounting point for suspension components capable of taming the trickiest back roads, all while hauling a full load of people and gear.

It is this proven platform that serves as the basis for the F6B—a much lighter, sportier, and more aggressive (some might say sinister) addition to the Gold Wing family. Custom-bike builders have been tweaking the Wing for years, and now Honda has created a radical production version of its own using the company's engineering expertise, modern design savvy, and superb attention to detail. The result is a very special heavyweight bike that takes performance and handling to a new level, while fortifying an already polished machine with more minimalist urban styling.

Honda has taken the basic chassis and devised a unique sculpted body for the F6B that leaves behind the tail trunk from the standard Wing, but has large, weatherproof saddlebags, as well as a convenient glove box. The full fairing offers protection from weather's extremes, while the shorty windscreen allows in a comfortable amount of the breeze and flows well with the smooth lines of the bike. Blacked-out detail work highlights both color choices (black or red), and enhances the mechanical cleanliness of the drivetrain and all-included plumbing. A newly calibrated rear shock takes advantage of the more-than-60-pound weight savings, and

combined with the stout 45mm front forks creates the most lithe GL1800 ever built.

A premium sound system is standard equipment, and if you opt for the Deluxe model (and you must—trust me on this), you'll also get a passenger backrest, center-stand, self-canceling turn signals, and heated grips. There is, of course, a considerable store of genuine Honda accessories available, like the deluxe helmet headset, to further customize an already stunning ride. **+**



SPECIFICATIONS

Engine type	Liquid-cooled flat six
Bore x stroke	74mm x 71mm
Displacement	1,832 cc
Fuel system	Programmed fuel injection
Ignition	Electronic
Transmission	Five speed
Front suspension	45mm telescopic forks
Rear suspension	Pro-Link single-shock, preload adjustable
Front brakes	Dual 296mm discs with CBS
Rear brake	Single 316mm disc with CBS
Front tire	130/R70 R-18
Rear tire	180/60 R-16
Fuel tank	6.6-gallon capacity
Wheelbase	66.5 inches
Seat height	28.5 inches
Wet weight	849 pounds
Base price	\$20,999



IT'S GO TIME

Make the most of the great outdoors—and indoors—with summer-friendly gadgets.

By Crispin Boyer



■ Snap folding longboard

Snap Skateboard • \$139

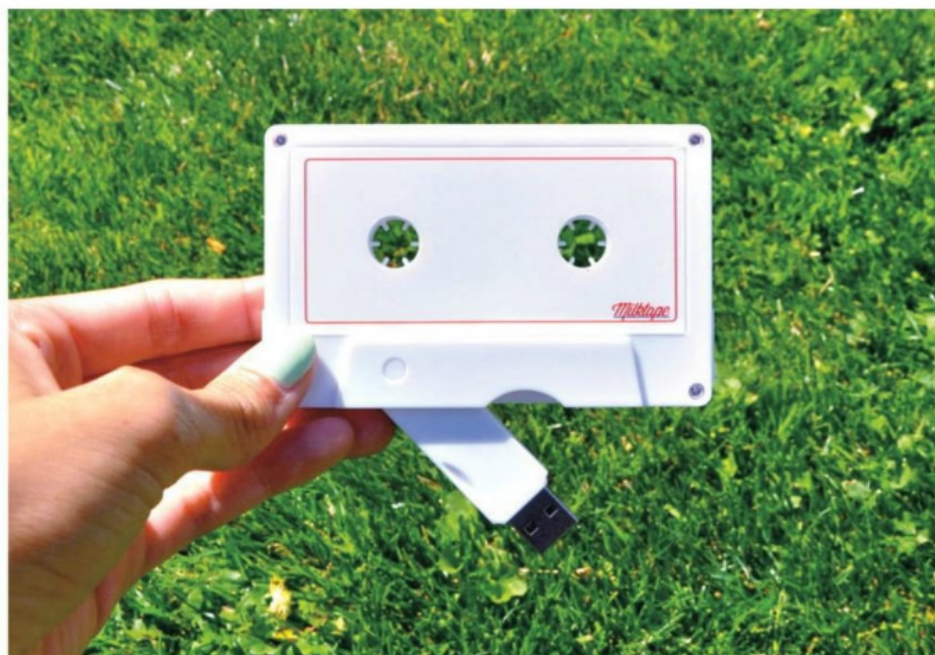
You can look at this collapsible longboard in one of two ways: It's either a fun summer toy or a form of emergency transportation. Nearly 40 inches long when unfurled, the Snap longboard folds to a compact 19 by 9.5 by 6 inches—tidy enough to stuff in your backpack or in the trunk next to the car jack. Despite its portability, the board doesn't feel flimsy when you ride it. Specially designed hinges stay rigid even over bumpy terrain, while the soft 83-millimeter wheels dampen road vibration. The board's low-profile design makes the most of each kick, so you can commute to work with the cool kids without getting too sweaty.



■ Fitbit Flex

Fitbit • \$100

The summer season of potential shirtlessness is upon us, meaning it's time to shed that beer-battered insulation you've been hauling around since Thanksgiving. This wearable workout tool is great for anyone who needs a little nagging to get off the couch. The waterproof (for the shower) wristband keeps tabs on your steps taken, distance traveled, calories burned, and even the quality of your sleep. Link it wirelessly to your iPhone, PC, Mac, or Android device for an overall picture of your daily activity and to set fitness objectives. An LED progress indicator on the wristband glows as you approach your daily fitness goals. Once it's lit, you can plop back on the couch happy in the knowledge that you've moved enough for the day.



■ USB Cassette Mixtape

Milktype • \$15

This USB drive is disguised as a relic from an era when dating required real-world wooing rather than a simple "Hey, you up?" sext and badly lit photos of genitalia: a cassette tape (for you millennials, that's a type of twentieth-century analog media used primarily to store music). With its paltry 128 megabytes of memory, the Mixtape doesn't measure up as a storage device, but that's not the point here. It's just enough memory to hold 15 songs, so you'll need to put serious thought into which tunes you drag and drop from your PC or Mac music library for each potential summer squeeze. The Mixtape comes with a blank cover case and two stickers, letting you label your playlist (and, yes, draw genitalia if you must).



■ **Xperia Tablet Z**

Sony • \$500 to \$600

To distinguish its latest tablet in a sea of similar Android devices, Sony thought small. The Xperia Tablet Z is the thinnest, lightest tablet you can buy—just a smidge less than 7 millimeters thick and only 1.09 pounds (a waif compared to the iPad 2, at 1.33 pounds and 8.8 millimeters thick). But the Tablet Z is no lightweight when it comes to features. A quad-core Snapdragon S4 Pro chipset makes for largely lag-free performance, and the 10.1-inch touch screen is capable of 1,920 by 1,200 resolution that pops with color, thanks to Sony's mobile Bravia technology. Although the tablet's plastic case comes across as slightly cheap, it does offer one nice perk: The Tablet Z is waterproof to three feet, making it perfect for beachside browsing.



■ **PowerFlask**

Digital Treasures • \$90

Carry this in your back pocket and passersby will think you're just another raging alcoholic who can't leave home without your medicine, but what you're really jonesing for is juice. This leather-bound liquor-canteen look-alike houses a 13,000-ampere-hour rechargeable lithium-ion battery, capable of powering three devices (say, two tablets and a phone) simultaneously. It comes with two 30-pin iPad/iPhone connectors and USB and micro-USB cables for Android devices. Two LEDs on the top serve as a flashlight, making this the only flask that will do more than help you cope in an emergency.



■ **Horizon Table PC**

Lenovo • \$1,700

With its 27-inch multi-touch screen and 1.1-inch-thick shell, the Horizon Table PC might seem like the world's largest tablet (and, at nearly 18 pounds, the most unwieldy). But although this funky machine's two-hour battery technically makes it portable, the Horizon was never intended for lugging onto a plane or cramming into your backpack. It's actually a Windows 8-powered desktop PC (complete with wireless keyboard and mouse) with the flexibility to lie flat for coffee-table computing. Once it's on its back, the multiuser interface kicks in automatically, allowing a group of people to gather around and share applications family-style. The Horizon ships with a collection of multimedia apps and games—including Monopoly and casino games—that takes advantage of the multiple-player option.

■ **BoomBOTTLE**

Scosche • \$149

Unless you're training for the Tour de France or transiting Burning Man at high noon, you probably don't need a plastic canteen of H₂O in your bicycle's bottle holder. Speaker-maker Scosche has developed a worthwhile substitute—a bottle-shaped Bluetooth speaker. The shock- and water-resistant boomBOTTLE packs an omnidirectional speaker cone that blares your tunes in all directions with enough power to drown out oncoming traffic—so be careful if you're riding on the road. The rechargeable battery lasts ten hours, and a built-in speakerphone even lets you take calls mid-pedal.





HE CAME UP SHORT


Our twenty-first-century rogue tells you how to deal with a friend's oversharing bedmate.

Illustration by Celia Calle

While my girlfriend and I were hanging out one night with her best friend, and drinking a little too much, the friend casually mentioned that a buddy of mine has a small dick. In fact, she said "small" was being kind. They'd slept together once a few months back, and she said his size turned her off so much that she stopped returning his calls. After my initial shock wore off, I thought about the fact that he's slowly broken off communication with me since they slept together.

This isn't the first mutual acquaintance he's nailed (we were roommates, so I've met them all), but she is the first to tell my girlfriend everything about sex with him. Now I'm not sure if he's embarrassed by the fact that she didn't want to see him again, or by thinking I know about his shortcomings. Hell, maybe I did something completely unrelated to piss him off and I don't even know it. Do I just let him come back to the friendship on his own terms, or do I confront him and ask what's the deal?

Telling you that your friend has a tiny cock might be her really odd way of placing the blame on him for things between them not going anywhere. Even if he does have a minuscule member, there's no reason *you* need that information. I've got a feeling there's something else going on, some shit she's not sharing, and she's afraid your friend will or already has blabbed. She's firing the first mouth missile in a possible war of words. Maybe something happened in the sack that *she's* embarrassed about, so she's throwing up a smoke screen. If you know of other women he's banged and some of them are repeat customers, either he's unreal at oral or this one's a size queen.

As for your friend, how about you just grow a set of nuts and ask him what his problem is? Maybe he's just fucking busy. He might have work or family issues that are getting in the way of his being around to chew the fat about your shitty fantasy team. Maybe he's getting laid every night with his possibly puny pole. You're never going to know unless you ask him. Stop gossiping over girly cocktails with a gaggle of vaginas and talk to him. If you're friendly enough with a woman you're not screwing that she feels comfortable talking to you about dick size over adult beverages, you need some new friends. Call your buddy. Remember, dicks (no matter how small) before chicks. 



From Holland, With Buzz

With whiskey's body and gin's spicing, the Netherlands' centuries-old genever is making an American comeback.

By Joshua M. Bernstein

During my wasted youth, I'd often raid my parents' liquor cabinet for anything that could give me a buzz. From rum to vodka, I was an indiscriminate teenage lush. But one bottle always gave me pause: Bols Genever. It was vodka-clear, but richer and maltier, with intricate spicing. Was this a weird whiskey? A strange gin?

It's a bit of both, making genever one of Europe's most interesting and, as you'll see, important spirits. According to legend, the elixir dates back to the sixteenth century, when a chemist in the Netherlands tried to concoct a medicinal cure. He infused distilled grain spirits with supposedly curative juniper (*genever* in Dutch). The Dutch took to genever in both sickness and health, and it quickly became the country's favored spirit.

In time, the genever craze spread across the English Channel, where Brits began creating their own juniper-spiced spirit—gin. The differences are crucial: Gin is typically made from a neutral spirit (think vodka), then infused with botanicals. Genever is crafted from a whiskey-esque distillate composed of rye, corn, and wheat (called "malt wine"), which is blended with herbs and spices. Genever boasts a botanical bouquet married to whiskey's malty body. Now, within genever you'll find two main families. First is *oude* ("old"), which is made from at least 15 percent malt wine and is more malty, sweeter, and sometimes aged in wood. The second is *jonge* ("young"), which contains less than 15 percent malt wine, resulting in a spirit that's closer to vodka.


Throughout the nineteenth century, genever was wildly popular in the

United States, however, Prohibition ended America's love affair. For much of the twentieth century, genever remained the happy little secret of Holland and parts of Belgium, and in 2008 it became a protected spirit of origin—that is, it can only be called genever if produced in that area.

And now, after nearly a century of deprivation, genever is once again flowing onto American shores. The demand is fueled by the classic-cocktail revival, with bartenders diving into history books for a taste of the past. "Bartenders are trying to re-create the drinks that were made 100 years ago," says Tal Nadari, the managing director of Lucas Bols Spirits U.S.A., which reintroduced Bols Genever to the States in 2008. Since rolling out Bols (also available in a barrel-aged vintage), Nadari has seen bartenders embrace the spirit in drinks both time-

less (the Old-Fashioned, Collins) and novel (genever-driven Daiquiris).

However, you don't have to mix genever to enjoy it. In fact, "you shouldn't make a Martini or Gin and Tonic with genever," Nadari says. Given its similarities to whiskey, you can sip genever on the rocks or straight up in Holland's version of the beer-and-shot: the *kopstootje*, aka the "little head butt." The name comes from the practice of topping off a tulip-shaped glass with genever. Drinkers then take a hands-free taste without knocking the glass over with their forehead—the head butt. After the first nip, imbibers can grab the glass and slowly savor genever, alternating the spirit with a light, brisk pilsner or an easygoing lager.

Are you curious yet? Then knock yourself out with these four fantastic genevers. 

Four to Try



■ **Bols Genever**
Founded in 1575, Lucas Bols' flagship is made from rye, corn, and barley, and is spiced with aromatics including juniper berries, anise seed, and hops. Bols is a rich, lush, malty-sweet marvel.



■ **Genevieve**
While San Francisco's Anchor Distilling Company makes Genevieve with the same proprietary botanicals as its Junipero Gin, the big difference is the base spirit: a blend of rye, barley, and wheat. Genevieve is a rich, oily, aromatic indulgence.



■ **Diep9 Genever Old Grain**
Belgium's tiniest grain distillery is De Moor, where they make this *oude* genever with nine botanicals, then barrel-age it in French oak. The result is a smooth, whiskeylike slow-sipper.



■ **Boomsma Jonge**
Hailing from Holland, this young, full-bodied genever offers a smooth, elegant ride cut with notes of citrus and coriander. It's sublime on the rocks. 



Lens Craftsman

This past February, the life of photographer J. Stephen Hicks came to a premature end. We celebrate our longtime relationship with this retrospective of Stephen's work, which captures seven years of gorgeous women in visually arresting photos.



CARLI BANKS
July 2005



ERICA CAMPBELL
April 2007



BETCEE MAY
March 2007



KATERINA
May 2005

KAYLIN RYAN
October 2006



KAYDEN KROSS
February 2006



SOFIA WEBBER
February 2007



KIMBERLEY ROGERS
October 2006





SHAY LAREN
June 2006



DOMINIQUE DANE
February 2003



CHANTELLE FONTAIN
September 2003



KYLIRYAN
February 2002



KYLA COLE
March 2000





MONIQUE HAJKOVA
October 2002



LINN THOMAS
October 2000



KARRIE JACOBS
January 2002

BREA BENNETT & CODI MILO
September 2006





P rely FUNNY

We initially went for a Top 10 list of the sexiest women in comedy, but couldn't bear to strike anyone off it, so we rounded it up to an even dozen. We doubt you'll complain.

By Kara Wahlgren

Every couple of years, it seems, a washed-up comedian or a cranky old writer will claim—usually while trying to sell a book or hawk some moth-eaten project—that women aren't funny. The sound bite invariably stirs up a ruckus, until people think about it for a minute and come to the obvious conclusion: Of course women are funny. Some of them are fucking hilarious. And unlike the majority of their male counterparts, some of them actually look pretty good while being hilarious.

That's an added bonus, and we're here to celebrate it with a list (in no particular order) of 12 female comics we totally respect for their craft, and also kinda want to bang.

A few ground rules:

1. They have to be funny, not just hot.
2. They have to be hot, not just funny.
3. They have to be stand-up comics, sketch comics, or comedy writers—not just funny actresses (sorry, Anna Faris).
4. We reserve the right to ogle people even if they didn't make the list (we're looking at you, Nasim Pedrad and Amy Poehler. Literally, we are. But not in a creepy way.)
5. Our opinions are subject to change at any time.

Now, on to the list!



TINA FEY

Fey is a groundbreaker: She was the first female *SNL* head writer. She took the weirdest sitcom on TV and turned it into a seven-season Emmy darling. She practically derailed a presidential campaign with her spot-on Sarah Palin impression. She reportedly got a \$6 million advance for her autobiography, which spent five weeks on the best-seller list. And—just as important, in our opinion—she brought the nerd-glasses fetish into the mainstream.

Choice line: “You could put a blonde wig on a hot-water heater and some dude would try to fuck it.”



CHELSEA HANDLER

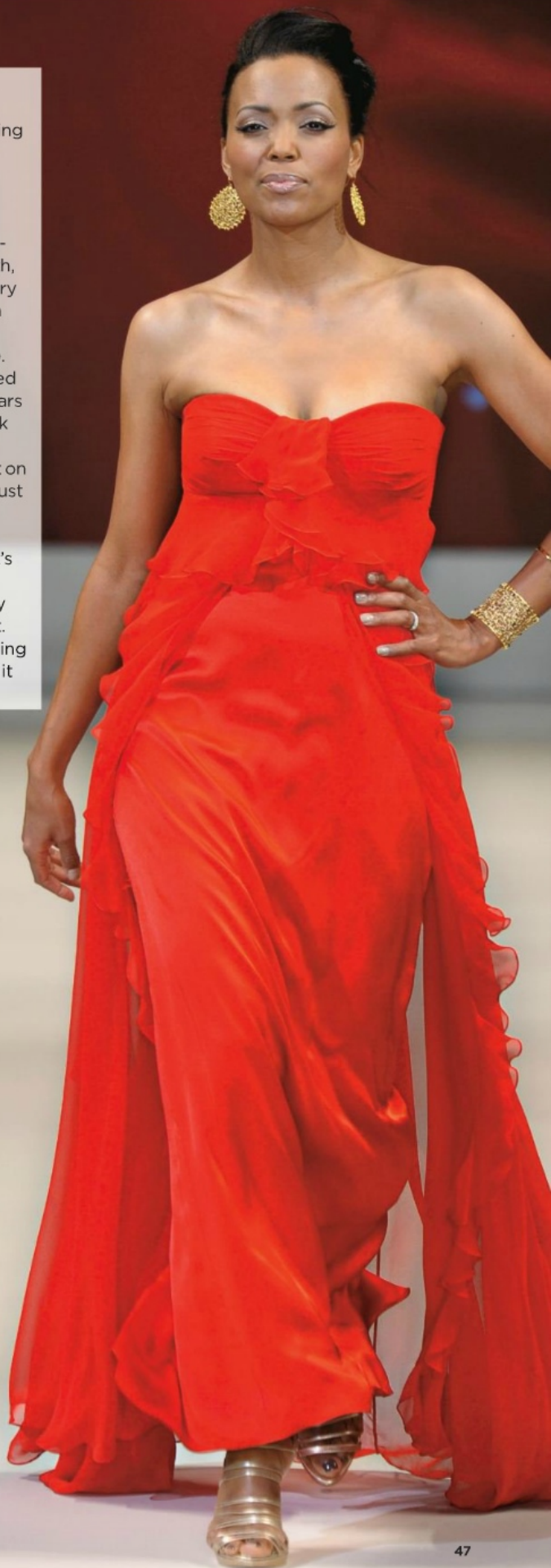
With her unapologetic appreciation for booze and midget sex, Handler occasionally manages to make *us* feel downright virtuous. But the promiscuous potty mouth is a powerhouse brand these days. In 2011, she signed a two-year, \$25 million deal with E!—on top of the few million she's made off book sales, comedy tours, and a sponsorship with Belvedere vodka. Like we always say—you can never be too rich, too hot, or too trashy.

Choice line: “I think we can all agree that sleeping around is a great way to meet people.”

AISHA TYLER

Tyler may be best known for her recurring roles on *Archer*, *CSI*, *Friends*, and *Ghost Whisperer*, but her roots are in stand-up comedy. After graduating from Dartmouth, she toured the country doing stand-up, then landed a spot as the last host of *Talk Soup*. (The show was revived as *The Soup* a few years later, and Tyler is back as a cohost.) She's a frequent, lively guest on podcasts, and, well, just *look* at her.

Choice line: “Do you have any idea what it's like when you try to make home porn? My husband and I tried it. We looked like charging hippos. Best to leave it to the pros.”





KELLY OXFORD

In 2009, from her home in Canada, Oxford started tweeting wry observations about motherhood and pop culture. Next thing you know, she has 430,000 followers—including Seth Rogen and Jimmy Kimmel—along with a book deal and a movie script.

Choice line: “Christine O’Donnell: ‘If evolution is real why are there still monkeys?’ Well Christine, education is real and there are still morons.”



CHELSEA PERETTI

This blue-eyed, Cali-bred comic launched her career after a coworker said she should try stand-up. It was good advice. Peretti has had a prolific few years, with her own Comedy Central special, appearances on *Louie* and *Kroll Show*, and writing gigs for *Parks and Recreation* and *The Sarah Silverman Program*. Not bad for a backup plan.

Choice line: “I don’t see color, only dick size.”

SARAH SILVERMAN

No one is undecided about Sarah Silverman—people either think she’s a comedic genius or a total asshole. This is the girl who wore a mustache to the Emmys, tweeted about a fake abortion, and aired a sketch in which she had a one-night stand with God. Needless to say, she has a few detractors. We might not take her home to meet our mom, but we wouldn’t kick her out of bed.

Choice line: “People who call themselves divas ... you are not a diva. I’m pretty sure you’re a cunt.”





PHOTOGRAPH BY (OXFORD) MICHAEL TRAN/GETTY IMAGES, (PERETTI) CHRISTOPHER POLK/GETTY IMAGES, (SILVERMAN) NBC/GETTY IMAGES, (LEGGARO) JASON MERRITT/GETTY IMAGES



NATASHA LEGGERO

Leggero is sexy in a walk-of-shame way, talks like a drunken socialite, and says she named her 2011 album *Coke Money* because "proceeds go to the cocaine shortage my nose is having." But she's also one of the hardest-working comedians around—she's played a variety of underdressed perps on *Reno 911*, voiced the role of Callie Maggotbone on *Ugly Americans*, judged a season of *Last Comic Standing*, and makes regular appearances on the *Chelsea Lately* roundtable. The girl gets around.

Choice line: "We're running out of diamonds ... how do you even make a diamond? The only way I know how to make a diamond is to jerk off an old man."

LAUREN ASHLEY BISHOP

This Arkansas comic is still clawing her way up the ranks—performing at L.A. clubs, running a Tumblr of rejected *SNL* jokes, and oversharing with her 35,000 Twitter followers. ("Is it swam or swum? Anyway, I peed in the hotel pool.") She's too hot to ignore, so we figure the rest of the world will be obsessed with her soon enough.

Choice line: "I feel strongly about breast-feeding my baby in public (my baby is Jake Gyllenhaal)."



KRISTEN WIIG

Look past Wiig's awkward, creepy characters—like tiny-handed mutants and manic cashiers—and notice how hot she is. From her terrifying impressions of Suze Orman and Kathie Lee Gifford to her mastery of toilet humor in *Bridesmaids*, Wiig will do just about anything for a laugh—and we're happy to watch, even when it makes us uncomfortable.

Choice line: "Ten years from now, I want to look back and have a body of work I'm really proud of. And I want to have a body like Gisele. A really amazing body."

WHITNEY CUMMINGS

She may be the most popular-unpopular comedian in recent memory—meaning Cummings is *everywhere*, and yet no one seems to like her. Her laugh-tracked sitcom *Whitney* was bagged by critics. *2 Broke Girls* (which she created) is better, but barely. And her talk show borders on painful. So why does she keep getting hired? Watch her stand-up special, *Money Shot*, and you'll see how funny she can actually be. We suspect that, like us, Hollywood execs are just waiting for her to find a show that's as watchable as she is.

Choice line: "I don't get what is so cool about dating deejays. That's like dating a valet because he drives a nice car."





ANJELAH JOHNSON

You may not know her name, because this former Oakland Raiders cheerleader landed a spot on *MADtv* just in time for the writer's strike—but her Bon Qui Qui character became a viral hit, racking up 60 million views on YouTube. Then a stand-up riff on Vietnamese nail salons stirred up controversy—and another 29 million views.

Choice line: "People always ask me, how do you go from being a pro cheerleader to being a stand-up comic? I just tell them, 'Let's keep it real, it's easy transitioning into telling jokes when you cheer for the Raiders.'"



AMY SCHUMER

At her worst—or best, depending on how you look at it—Schumer can make Chelsea Handler look pure and Lisa Lampanelli look gentle. And she's girl-next-door-cute and curvy enough to get away with it, save for a few death threats after a particularly off-color joke at a Comedy Central roast. (Let's just say you know you have a sick sense of humor when you manage to offend Steve-O.)

Choice line: "I finally just slept with my high school crush. But now he expects me to go to his graduation. Like I know where I'm gonna be in three years!"

WE WILL FOLLOW

Look, we had to cut the list off somewhere. But that won't stop us from stalking—er, following—these funny girls on Twitter.

Kristy Grant

@kristygee

DAY JOB: Writer for *Anger Management*

FOLLOWED BY: Mark Hoppus, Rob Delaney

SAMPLE TWEET: "Researchers claim that the internet is making us dumber and more impatient. I don't get it. Moving on."

Mindy Kaling

@mindykaling

DAY JOB: Creator and star of Fox's *The Mindy Project*, author, former costar and writer on *The Office*

FOLLOWED BY: Steve Carell, Judd Apatow

SAMPLE TWEET: "If lovin' you is wrong ... well, no, I still want to be right. I need to be right. That need is greater than love."

Jen Kirkman

@JenKirkman

DAY JOB: *Chelsea Lately* writer/comedian, actor in the great *Drunk History*, author of *I Can Barely Take Care of Myself*

FOLLOWED BY: Nicole Richie, Ellen DeGeneres

SAMPLE TWEET: "I got a tattoo of Chris Brown taking a women's studies course on my neck."

Julianne Smolinski

@BoobsRadley

DAY JOB: Magazine writer

FOLLOWED BY: Jonah Hill, Michael Ian Black

SAMPLE TWEET: "I think most women have faked an orgasm to 'move things along,' so I'm not sure why everybody on that conference call was so weirded out."

Kate Micucci

@katemicucci

DAY JOB: Pixie-ish actress; half of Garfunkel & Oates

FOLLOWED BY: Jason Segel, Joel McHale

SAMPLE TWEET: "Just played a gig at a sex shop. Keytar batteries died. I said, 'Oh, no! Where can I get batteries?!' #notaproblem #sexshopsavedtheday."

Megan Amram

@meganamram

DAY JOB: Writer for the Oscars, *Parks and Recreation*, and Disney's *A.N.T. Farm*

FOLLOWED BY: Kristen Bell, Seth Meyers, Patton Oswalt, Rob Delaney

SAMPLE TWEET: "Women are like snowflakes: They can't drive." ❄️🚗

Back to the Grind

This entertaining book from Skyhorse Publishing is the companion piece to the documentary film of the same name, released by Leslie Zemeckis in 2010.

By Christine Colby

Behind the Burly Q: The Story of Burlesque in America documents the original era of vintage burlesque, roughly the 1930s through the 1960s, a time when legends such as Blaze Starr and Tempest Storm were popping pasties on grindhouse stages. But burlesque was not just about strippers. Author Leslie Zemeckis emphasizes that it has a rich history with musicians, comedians, and other performers as well. Zemeckis says, "I wanted the movie told firsthand, by the performers; it was their story. But so many—if not all—of the comedians had passed. The book is much more researched on that level."


Zemeckis put in an incredible amount of time and effort into securing detailed interviews, amassing more than 100 hours of tape, most of which, obviously, could not fit into the film. "I had so many hours of footage, and so many great stories, that would never make it into 90 minutes," Zemeckis says. "Also, I wanted to include stories on some of the legends who had long since died and were not in the movie." (The film, incidentally, will be available on Showtime for the next two years.)

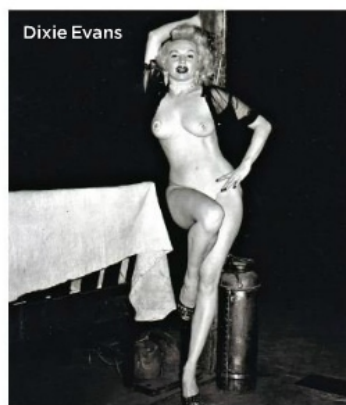
This book is the continuation of her project, sharing more of the performers' memories and photographs, their stories of Stage Door Johnnies and working for the Mafia. There are dozens of exclusive photos, from shots of the dancers on-stage and goofing around behind the scenes to pictures from the personal collections of the subjects. There is also a forward by Blaze Starr herself, one of the few remaining living legends, who was known

"Behind the Burly Q is about our accomplishments, our love lives, and our heartaches."

both for her outrageous and daring stage shows and her affair with John F. Kennedy. Starr writes, "The book is filled with funny, sad, and downright tragic stories. With a passion and fearlessness to dig deep, Leslie uncovers the truth. It seems that, until Leslie came along, no one cared to ask many of us what it had been like. No one ever asked us what we thought about burlesque. *Behind the Burly Q* is about our accomplishments, our love lives, and our heartaches. It is truthful, accurate, and fascinating."

Zemeckis became close with several other still-living performers during this project. She says, "Mimi Reed, a specialty dancer and 97 years old, is sharp as a tack; I loved her. And she can still kick her leg over her head! Betty Rowland and Sherry Britton both became very close to me, and I have gowns [of theirs] in my collection. These women, in general, have strength and humor, and have certainly lived their lives. And I loved Lee Stuart—a straight man, but a family man first. He had great stories, and loved being in burlesque."

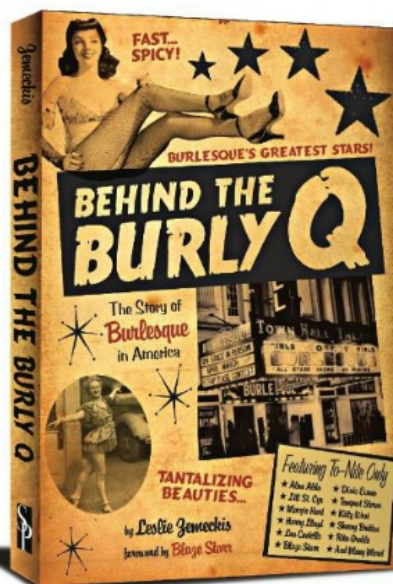
While the popularity of neo-burlesque is only growing, with stages bursting nightly with young, up-and-coming peelers doing their acts in cities all over the world, it's important to remember and acknowledge the original trailblazers who made it all possible. 



Dixie Evans



Sequin



Betty Rowland

BURLESQUE PHOTOGRAPHS COURTESY OF LESLIE ZEMECKIS

Survey Says

By Christine Colby

Results gathered by PornMD.com on an interactive map make it possible to see the top-ten most-searched adult terms in cities and countries across the world.

- Lisa Ann is, by far, the most-searched porn star, and turns up as a favorite in the United States, Argentina, the United Kingdom, and Greece.
- Nine out of ten searches in Chile are for gay material, including the somewhat disturbing "homeless."
- Iceland's are very visceral, including "hairy anal" and "beast."
- Germany is shocking by how mundane it is, encompassing the most basic "MILF," "amateur," and "anal" categories, only slightly thrown off by the inclusion of "hentai." What happened to the stereotype that all Germans are into domination and scat?
- Ukraine abandons all tact while searching, using the simple "old" instead of the ubiquitous "mature" or "MILF." Ukrainians do show some good taste, though, as our 2007 Pet of the Year Heather Vandeven is a favorite.
- Romania gets pretty kinky, looking for "slave" and "mom and son," which lands on the list twice! They also like the adorable-sounding "peekshows," as well as, big shocker, Lisa Ann.
- China shows a disturbing lack of creativity, with all ten searches being variants on the descriptors "Chinese," "Japanese," "Asian," and "Korean."
- Who knows what's going on in India, where the preference runs toward "Indian aunty" and "Indian wife," as well as "rape."
- Israel gets pretty specific, with "Arab sex," "Arab anal," and "cop (gay)," with "prostate" topping the list.
- Syria is more creative than some, with a hankering for "Arab teen," "dirty scat," "feet slave," and "suppository," although "aunt" is the favorite.
- Travelers to Lebanon, take note: The favored terms include "sleeping girl," "big legs," "shit orgy," and "hairy Arab." Worst vacation ever.
- South Africa is a little quirky, featuring "hidden cam," "beautiful," "contractions," and "poop."
- Nigeria may win for pride, as well as for stating the obvious. The top search term was "Nigerian," but No. 3 sums it all up with "things I jack off to."
- Compared to other areas, America is pretty mundane, although most states show puzzlingly divergent interests in both teen/college porn as well as MILFs and moms. And, of course, Lisa Ann.

For perspective, the Penthouse.com top-ten category searches include "blonde," "Latina," "lesbian," and "threesome," and the list is topped by "brunette." Good, clean, American fun. Sorry, you'll have to go elsewhere for "big legs" or "shit orgy." ☺



Lisa Ann



Heather Vandeven



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JEFFERY R. WERNER/INCREDIBLE FEATURES, (CAKE TOPPER)

TAKING A SHOT AT MARRIAGE

If the couple that sprays (machine-gun fire) together stays together, gun enthusiasts in love have found their sanctuary.

By Harmon Leon



If you're getting married in the tacky and/or quickie wedding capital of the world, why go to a kitschy Elvis impersonator when you can express your love and your right to bear arms at the same time? The Gun Store in Las Vegas offers real-life shotgun weddings: Couples get married inside the weaponry outlet—mere feet from the indoor shooting range—and seal their vows by firing off machine guns. This nuptial celebration is as American as apple pie, the Second Amendment, and policing other nations. It also requires both eye and ear protection.

"One couple wanted to throw the bouquet onto the gun range," ordained minister Aaron Dickson says. "That would've put a shotgun hole into the roof. Even in Vegas we've got some rules."

At a Shotgun Wedding, newlyweds and their guests can fire off everything from AK-47s to MP5 9mm submachine guns, like those used by SWAT teams. "People don't come here for the ceremony, per se," says Dickson. "They come because they want to shoot guns. They can get married anywhere."

"For years, people have been coming into the Gun Store in their full wedding dresses," Dickson says. "For a long time, they've been saying, 'Gosh, we should have done our vows here.' If you hear that enough, you're probably going to pay attention and listen to your customers."

Sure enough, Dickson's coworker Emily Miller listened. "I went into my boss's office and said, 'Hey, let's do weddings,'" Miller says. "He looked at me like I was a crazy person." Then

he gave her the go-ahead. Adding to her job description as the Gun Store's media person, Miller took the plunge and was the first employee to be ordained. "[The Shotgun Weddings] have been my baby ever since."

The weaponry-laden-nuptial idea sprang into fruition in February 2012. Since then, 10 to 15 ceremonies have been held each month. During the first Gun Store wedding, the bride wore her grandmother's 70-year-old dress—and shot every assault weapon available. Miller recalls asking her if she wanted to change into more comfortable shooting garb. The bride replied, "No, my grandmother's dress has made it this far. It can handle a little machine-gun fire."

Since then, the shooting range has experienced everything from formal weddings to theme parties. "I did a hillbilly wedding," Dickson remembers with a smile. "Everybody showed up in flannel. The couple wrote their own wedding vows. During the ceremony, the groom grabbed his crotch and said, 'Honey, I was sure happy when I met you and

found out you weren't my cousin.'"

On the opposite end of the spectrum: "We have a lot of divorce parties coming in," Dickson says. He recalls one particular man who kept aiming for the female hostage on the target. His friends asked what he was doing, and he replied, "I'm getting divorced. I'm just trying to let off some steam!"

Recently, the Gun Store conducted its first actual shotgun Shotgun Wedding. The couple had booked the ceremony months in advance. By the time their wedding day finally rolled around, the bride was pregnant. After the ceremony, she was in tears, not because she was overcome by emotions or hormones, but because she had to wait in the lobby while her wedding party got to fire semiautomatics.

"We don't allow pregnant women to shoot on our range because of the sound reverberation," Dickson says. "Just like you can hear your mom read to you when you're in the womb, you probably can hear your mom on an AK-47." He adds, "Once they legalize gay marriage, we'll do that, too. We run the gamut."

"We're here because people love each other and guns," Miller says. "Guns don't have to be about anger and hate. This is a fun and energetic way to get out their aggressions and emotions."

The final pieces are in the chamber for this afternoon's wedding ceremony. The music girl is told when to cue the CD player. Rose petals are scattered on the floor of the chapel, which is used for gun cleaning the rest of the week. "We've got ranges right next door to us," Dickson says as he arranges gray folding chairs. "There's a part of my vows where I say, 'You get to go home to peace and quiet.' It usually never fails—that's when you hear machine guns in the background." He adds, "People love the flavor: You hear *pop-pop-pop* in the background when you're saying your I do's."

Today's couple hails from Ottawa. They've been together for 12 years, and they're opting for a traditional, nonironic wedding. (Well, except for the firearm part.) The Gun Store has married a number of couples from the U.K. and Canada; due to their countries' strict gun laws, the couples wanted to embrace America's gun culture.

The wedding party of eight arrives





During the first Gun Store wedding, **the bride wore her grandmother's 70-year-old dress**—and shot every assault weapon available.



Jeff Presta and Sandra Bromley from Ottawa, Canada





"People don't come here for the ceremony. **They come because they want to shoot guns.** They can get married anywhere."



in formal attire: suits and ties for the men, long black dresses for the ladies. Before the ceremony, the nervous groom says, "We were looking for a vacation for her birthday, and at the spur of the moment we said, 'Why don't we just get married while we're in Vegas?' It seemed like good timing."

Family members take their places in front of a flowered trellis that's flanked by an Uzi and a Tommy gun. Suddenly, it gets serious. Classical music plays. The lovely bride, in her long, flowing beige dress, enters during a silence between machine-gun blasts.

Dickson addresses the couple with a pistol in a holster at his hip: "Do you, Jeff, take Sandra, to have and to hold, for better or worse, for richer or poorer, to love and cherish this day forward, till death do you part?" *Pop-pop-pop!* The wedding vows are punctuated by loud blasts of assault weapons from the shooting ranges in the next room.

"I give you this ring as an eternal symbol of my love and commitment to you," recites Jeff. *Pop-pop-pop!*

"By the power vested in me by the State of Nevada, I now pronounce you husband and wife." Kisses. Claps. Gunfire. Tears. More gunfire. You almost expect handfuls of bullets to

be flung at the wedding couple.

"Will you hold my flowers?" asks the bride, exchanging her bouquet for an assault weapon. The husband and wife take photos under the trellis while holding the Uzi and Tommy gun; they trade off with various family members. Mom and Dad take turns cradling a machine gun. Looks like someone has a new Facebook profile photo.

With the ceremony complete, eye and ear protection is dispersed. The formally clad wedding party moves down the hall, past ranges of shooters, to the special VIP shooting range. "It's a beautiful atmosphere," Dickson assures me. "The range masters bring and load the firearms, so all the couple has to do is shoot."

"Look, your ear protection matches your dress," the sister points out to the bride.

"Who has never fired before?" asks the black-clad range master. "Make sure your firearm is pointed that way," he adds, gesturing in the opposite direction of the wedding party. "We have automatic and fully automatic. As long as you keep your finger on that trigger, it will keep firing rounds."

Bride to sister: "So is everybody shooting something?"

"I think Mom is. I'm still thinking

The \$500 Shotgun Wedding package includes the ceremony, paperwork, gift bags, T-shirts and hats, photos with up to three guns each, access to the private VIP shooting range (which boasts marble floors), and five shots on a shotgun for both the bride and the groom. The Vow Renewal and Commitment Ceremony packages offer the same goodies for \$450. The Mr. & Mrs. Smith & Wesson package adds more guns, ammunition, and targets. Additional amenities include limo service, flowers, photos, and video.



about it," the sister says, letting out a nervous laugh. "I'm not sure."
 "Why wouldn't you shoot?" I ask her.
 "Just the impact of the gun. I don't really want to feel that."
 "What did you think when you heard your sister was getting married at a gun range?"
 "I was a little bit surprised," she says. "I was like, 'Why not?' It's definitely original."

"Which gun do you want to shoot?" Dickson asks the newlyweds as he presents a menu of firearms. "This is your day. You tell me what you want."
 "I'll definitely take an AK-47, and you should have an Uzi," the happy groom says to his wife.
 The bride to the wedding party: "Don't worry, you guys will get your turn."
 The lovely bride starts firing her Benelli into the zombie target. The wedding party cringes with each shot. Mom shrieks.
 "You guys share a lane together so you can enjoy watching each other shoot," Dickson suggests. "To start off the marriage appropriately, you get to start sharing right away."
 The happy couple proceeds to finalize their vows by blowing away Nazi zombies (the most popular tar-

get for newlyweds) with semiautomatic weapons. "All right, it's legal now," says the groom after blasting away the final target. Afterward, they're both pumped with adrenaline.
 "How was it?" I ask.
 "It was pretty cool," says the groom. "Definitely memorable, I can tell you that."
 "It was so unique," the bride shares. "I think it's an experience everyone could enjoy and get a kick out of. That's exactly what we wanted. I think everybody had a good time." She's certainly going to be the talk of the anesthesiology department where she works.
 "Everyone we know says they wish they did it," the groom adds. "Weddings were never a huge deal for us, that's why it took us 12 years. This just seemed like an original thing. It was pretty funny."
 "Any words of wisdom on starting a new life?"
 "Hopefully it's not as violent as it is today," she says with a laugh.
 "This is all about gun culture," Dickson says as the final wedding photos are taken in front of the Gun Store and passersby do double takes. "People have a love for guns. Now they have a place to show it." 





HEY, IT'S THAT GUY

You may not recognize Christopher Meloni's name, but chances are, you recognize that face.

Hint: If it has a cult following, his name is probably on the cast list.

Interview by Kara Wahlgren

Christopher Meloni's role as a bisexual sociopath on the HBO prison drama *Oz* was envelope-pushing, even for premium cable. He had a 12-season run as the star of the prime-time procedural *Law & Order: Special Victims Unit*, complete with a six-figure-per-episode paycheck. He guest-starred as a vampire politico on *True Blood*, voiced an animated version of the Green Lantern, and most recently played legendary baseball manager Leo Durocher in the Oscar-buzzy Jackie Robinson biopic *42*. He's also had a few memorable comedy roles, although even his die-hard fans might not recognize him as the sweater-fondling camp chef in *Wet Hot American Summer* or the awesomely fucked-up Freakshow in *Harold & Kumar Go to White Castle*. This month, Meloni's tough

military leader will be making life difficult for Superman in Zack Snyder's much-anticipated reboot, *Man of Steel*. Oh, and the 52-year-old spends his spare time raising his two kids, 12 and 9, with his wife of 18 years, not to mention helping the Enough Project raise awareness of human-rights abuse and genocide in Africa—you know, no big deal.

Come to think of it, we're not sure how he hasn't morphed into an ego-tripping, A-list douche bag by now. But despite two decades of nearly nonstop work, he's managed to remain a humble, hardworking actor who'll do anything (no, really, *anything*) for a role. We caught up with Meloni to find out how he built his mixed-bag résumé, and what it's like playing second banana to a superhero.



What was it about *Man of Steel* that appealed to you? Comic-book fans can be a critical bunch. How do you make sure you're in *Batman Begins* and not *Batman & Robin*, so to speak?

Ha! I saw the script and I thought, *Wow, what a worthy use of people's time*. I felt it was how [Christopher] Nolan had reimagined the Batman series [for the *Dark Knight* trilogy]. Let's get into who this guy is and connect him to the audience by humanizing him. What are his foibles, what makes him tick? I thought, *What a fascinating way to look at Superman*. Little boys wrap the sheet around their neck and say "I'm Superman!" because they want to be invincible; they want to kick some ass. But is it so perfect to be all-powerful and indestructible? What if you connect to that aspect of what it would be like to constantly be an outsider, to have so many people fear you, to have to hide who you are? It's a pretty cool angle from which to examine him.

Being that you're playing a military guy, it's probably safe to assume that your character isn't on Superman's good side.

Yeah. You're looking at this weapon that's indestructible; if you're in the military, that's a problem. But I slowly begin to believe him and take his side. It was a nice little arc. And I got to ride in a lot of helicopters.

Are your kids excited to see you rubbing elbows with Superman?

Oh, I think so. When I had my son on the set, I said, "You wanna meet Superman?" and he said, "Yeah, yeah!" And as we're walking toward him, one of the sexy bad-girl aliens was there and my son goes, "I wanna meet *her*." I was like, "Okay, all right, nice."

You started working on *Man of Steel* shortly after leaving *SVU*. How was the transition?

It's very interesting to be inside the belly of a multimillion-dollar beast. That was fascinating, to check out what they were able to do with the money. It was also very interesting to go from being No. 1 on the call sheet to being number, I don't know, 10. That was absolutely a worthwhile experience.

You're known for being a fitness buff—was there anything you had to do to get into the military physique?

No, you know, I felt as though I was combat-ready [*laughs*]. Don't ask me to do a five-mile run in combat boots, but I felt as though I did pretty much the same old thing—maybe ate a little bit more.

What's your "same old thing"?

The older I get, the more I switch it up. I'm doing a little more running, and I enjoy martial arts, so I train in that when I can. There were a lot of Navy SEAL-type guys on the set, so it was pretty cool seeing what they did—because those guys were macked out. They were ready to roll.

On the other end of the spectrum from a comic-book blockbuster, you're in the upcoming David Wain comedy *They Came Together*, with some of your costars from *Wet Hot American Summer*—Paul Rudd, Amy Poehler, and writer Michael Showalter. What was it like to work with them again after 12 years?

You know, it's like going home. There are certain thrills that I get from my career, and I've got to tell you, any time I get a call from David Wain or Michael Showalter or one of those guys, it just absolutely ranks right up there. I love these people, I respect

PHOTOGRAPH BY (PREVIOUS SPREAD) ZUMA WIRE SERVICE/ALAMY. (ABOVE) COURTESY WARNER BROS. PICTURES. (RIGHT) SLAVEN VLASIC/GETTY IMAGES



"It was so much fun to do that stuff [on Oz]. We have a social code we're asked to follow—if you don't, you lose status. But with what I do, I *gain* status by peeing in a bucket. What a gig!"

them, I admire them, I just really enjoy swimming in their waters with them. It's a license to be silly.

A lot of people might not realize you were the dick-cream guy from *Wet Hot American Summer*.
People who are in the know *know* I'm the dick-cream guy.

We assume it's your proudest role to date.
And my mother's!

Is that one of those things people yell at you at the airport?
I have people yell, "I *heard* everything you said,"

which is *Freakshow* from *Harold & Kumar*. Some will say, "I'm going to go home and fondue a cheddar." And there's dick cream, of course. And they do *shout*.

You were also the Grand Wizard in *Harold & Kumar Escape From Guantánamo Bay*. You seem to go absurdist when you go the comedy route.

I feel very comfortable there. I guess there's more room for freedom and exploration. Maybe it's because there's no wrong answer. Where's the right answer with absurdist humor?

Do you have a preference between comedy and drama?

The grass is always greener. I just did a Gregg Araki movie, *White Bird in a Blizzard*. You want to talk about not funny—it's very heart-wrenching and disturbing. It was awesome. Then you're exhausted and like, "Let's try to do a comedy."

You could probably teach a class for actors on how to avoid being pigeonholed. What's the secret?

Even when I was doing the *SVU* gig, I always had the antenna up: *Am I pigeonholed yet? Am I going to be this guy for the rest of my life?* I always thought about that. I think because that was in the back of my mind, I kind of instinctively go for things that keep people off-base.

Oz established you as someone who will do anything for a good storyline: full-frontal shower scenes, making out with a male costar, peeing on camera. Do you have balls of steel when the camera's on?

I always thought, *You're an actor, you're playing a role, what are you being asked to do?* And if I could defend to myself what I was being asked to do, I never had a problem. It was so much fun to do that stuff. No one gets to do that in their real lives. We have a social code we're asked to follow—if you don't, you lose status. But with what I do, I *gain* status by peeing in a bucket. What a gig!

You'll be back on TV this fall in *I Suck at Girls*. What can you tell us about that?

Well, it's a father-son comedy that takes place in the nineties. It's based on [*Shit My Dad Says* writer] Justin Halpern's book and his real-life experiences with his father. It's just a ballsy take on parenting. It was one of the few things that made me laugh, out of all the things I was sent, and I trust Bill Lawrence, who's heading the production.

You also had a role in *42*, the Jackie Robinson biopic that came out in April.

I thought it was a really worthwhile project. Like *Philadelphia*. I feel this is an important film, a history lesson made current. I got to play with Harrison Ford a little bit there, and that was a lot of fun.

Anyone else you'd love to work with down the road?

There's this young kid called Scorsese ... I'd love to work with him. I want to work with everybody. I enjoy working. ☺



her future's so bright...

Hayden Hawken is a woman on a mission: "I would love to be the first female porn star in space! It would be a great way to take a break from this crazy world." We're sure all our readers will be as happy as we are to know that Hayden's immediate plans will keep her within reach.

Photographs by Mark Lit for Digital Desire







"You don't want to hear me sing! LOL. But I can dance somewhat well. I like slow, sexy movements. In fact, any music that's slow and sexy gets me in the mood."





“My favorite fantasy is straight out of the movies. I want to make love on the beach while the waves come crashing down on our bodies.”







“The biggest turn-on for me is having my bottom lip and neck bitten lightly while he’s touching the inside of my thighs slowly, teasing me.”



01 HAYDEN HAWKENS
JUNE 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



"I ran from the cops once, and got away! We were going 120 in a Mustang. I love fast cars, and a guy who knows how to work on them is perfect for me."



✿ HAYDEN HAWKENS
JUNE 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH





HAYDEN HAWKENS
JUNE 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

nothing's shocking

"I am not a licensed therapist, guru, or magic relationship mender. This is sex and love advice from a guy who has seen both failure and success in the relationship department. I am a little jaded, a little disillusioned, a little sarcastic, yet very honest. Answers may be sincere, absurd, comical, or sometimes flat-out wrong. You'll have to consider the source, I suppose."

By Dave Navarro



■ I really like this guy I'm seeing, but it seems that all he has time for is a once-a-week romp. Should I move on and find someone who wants more sex, even though I really want to be with this guy?

If I were in your situation and the roles were reversed, I would most certainly move on. When our needs are not being met, it's a breeding ground for resentment, jealousy, anger, fear, and insecurity. Such ugliness. Things are bound to deteriorate when partners have different goals and desires when it comes to the relationship. Whether it's sex, the ability to listen, an interest in spending personal time together, or something else, the fact remains that you are unsatisfied. I recommend a discussion prior to delivering any ultimatums, though, to see if there's a solution. If you find that you're simply two people with different goals, there is no shame in that. Moving on is the best move. Remember not to assign blame, as there really isn't a correct way of co-existing here. It would simply appear that you have one idea of how things should be, while he has another.

■ I used to date a girl at work, until she broke my heart and started seeing someone else. Partly out of retaliation and partly out of loneliness, I began to date another coworker. Now my ex is weirded out and causing me grief. Any advice? Um, yes. Fuck her. I don't care what your reasons are for dating someone

else, or whether or not they are altruistic. This girl has absolutely no right whatsoever to have a say in or reaction to anything you do. This is her problem, not yours. She made the bed, let her lie in it—provided the sheets are stained with the after-smear of the sex you're having with the new girl. Your ex sounds like a self-centered and uncaring egotist who has to make everything about her. If she can't handle the stress of the situation she created, she can talk to her friends, not you.

You do share part of blame in this, however. You're letting her cause you grief. Allow me to give you your new mantra: "This is her problem, not mine." Say that over and over until you believe it, and find solace in the fact that you obviously dodged a major bullet when she dumped you.

■ Why is it cool when girls are bisexual, but not when it's guys? My wife and I are wondering about this. Leviticus 20:13 says, "If a man lies with a male as with a woman, both of them have committed an abomination; they shall surely be put to death; their blood is upon them." The Bible doesn't mention anything about two women being an abomination. Clearly the Bible is saying that two men together is unnatural, while two women together is okay. This is why girl-on-girl porn is considered sacred and righteous, and has been

considered so since 326 A.D., when the first church was "erected" on the spot that's believed to be where Peter died and was buried, which is now the Vatican. God, as it turns out, is down with the girl-girl scene.

■ After years of promiscuity and random sex, I'm reaching a point in my life where my main focus is a real relationship, something serious and committed. I want to know how I can meet women without at first glance eyeing them up and putting 100 percent attention on sex.

I really have no idea. Good luck with that!

■ How do I properly milk my man's prostate?

First and foremost, keep your nails short! Nothing is less sexy than a trip to the emergency room to treat a bleeding anus. Maybe just start with massaging the perineum during oral sex. This is the area between the testicles and the anus. Slight pressure, nothing crazy. If you really want to get adventurous, you need to stick a finger about an inch into his ass. You'll find his prostate there. Apply pressure toward the base of the penis while either masturbating the penis or performing fellatio. It's advised that you stay away from preparing food following this procedure until you've adequately washed up.TM —a

Submit your questions for Dave at PenthouseMagazine.com/hottips.



HAYDEN HAWKEN
JUNE 2013 PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH



Vital stats:
37-36-34.5"
35-year-old
Hometown:
Winita, Kansas
Favorite thing about your hometown:
Super calm and peaceful. It's a love the town is in itself. They're so bright and beautiful, and there are thousands of them.
Favorite vacation spot:
The Glens of Missouri, where I can still jump in the Soda Rock Lake.
Dream vacation spot:
Anywhere, for the road and hookahs.
Favorite TV show:
The Walking Dead, Gossip Girl, House, Pawn Stars.
Favorite movies:
21, Anna Karenina, Phosphor Express, The Cress.
Favorite kind of music:
Alemo music.
Favorite sport:
Football.
Favorite workout:
Running, yoga, or dancing around on a red boat.
Favorite sport:
Football.
The recent diet:
Cutting a meat. "Diet" is a large object up there. Great things, no game.
What do you do for a living?
What I'm doing is work at a day-care center. In California, I'm a teacher.
Favorite thing about your job:
I love making the beautiful photos that are done. Creating myself and the things I'm pictures in it.
What do you love that other girls don't?
Southern charm... and a few more cases!

SEE MORE OF HAYDEN AT BESTPHOTOS.COM

Share Tactics

Facing the loss of his top-secret security clearance—and perhaps his job as an Army intelligence analyst—Bradley Manning decided to go out not with a whimper, but with a bang.

By Adrian Black



Private First Class Bradley Manning supplied the greatest intelligence leak in U.S. military history when, in 2009 and 2010, he uploaded hundreds of thousands of documents—diplomatic cables, Iraq and Afghan war logs, and other items—to whistleblower website WikiLeaks. As he saw it, he stood up for his ideals, even at the cost of abandoning his military bearing.

Though Manning had been recommended for separation from service, he'd maintained access to secrets, even after striking another soldier and flipping over a table in separate incidents, acts that had called his occupational suitability into question. His outbursts were tied to simple shortcomings, such as tardiness, though a powerful subtext of the case is alleged harassment regarding Manning's homosexuality and/or gender dysphoria.

During a pretrial hearing in February, Manning confessed to the intelligence leaks in an hour-long testimony, citing moral outrage and demand for public accountability in war as motives. Manning

pleaded guilty to 10 of 22 charges, denying the harshest of them: aiding the enemy, a capital offense. The lesser charges could result in a 20-year prison sentence. What damage was done by the leaks, and the disparity between Manning's intent and that impact, will be established in a court-martial that's scheduled to begin this month.

The State Department's diplomatic cables—messages among embassies, consulates, and foreign ministries—contained raw and unflattering assessments of other nations and their leaders. "[WikiLeaks] has had a chilling effect on the intelligence community, in terms of the freedom of speech within organizations," says Mark Galeotti, clinical professor of global affairs at New York University. "This makes people who are used to writing classified documents much less confident that what they produce will remain secret."

The State Department has responded by removing its cables from the network Manning used to extract them. "I really can't stress how important it is that diplomats should feel they can speak honestly to the State Department or another foreign ministry," says Galeotti, who believes the culture of diplomatic discourse is now clouded with suspicion. These leaked cables could kindle aggression toward diplomats, the U.S. forces protecting them, and those serving elsewhere throughout the world.

The war logs contained day-to-day accounts of missions and enemy engagements. Other files that were leaked outlined activities at Guantánamo Bay.

"Manning is an evil enemy of state security on one hand, and a martyr to freedom of information on the other. That's a powerful legacy."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT TO RIGHT) CLIFF OWEN/AP/CORBIS, WM HENNESSY, JR./COURTROOMART.COM/EPA/CORBIS, MARY STAMM-CLARKE/DEMOTIX/CORBIS



The collective documents revealed such protected identities as political-opposition activists and counterinsurgency informants. The Department of Defense will respond in two ways: It will seek to prosecute Manning within the full extent of the law as a deterrent, as well as implement new insider-threat detection systems to provide continuous surveillance of all classified computer activity.

Former Army intelligence analyst Randall Doran, who served in Iraq in the same capacity as Manning and plans to work in the diplomatic field, struggles to sympathize with Manning's attitude toward declassification. "When I'm trusted with classified information, it's classified for a reason," says Doran. "He shouldn't have taken it upon himself to do that. There are other ways to pursue change." Doran saw disturbing things in war, but had faith in the military system to bring war criminals to justice.

A video of a 2007 air strike that deliberately targeted unarmed civilians in Baghdad is central to Manning's justification for leaking the documents. He found the Army's prerequisites to capture or kill Iraqis to be flimsy, and sought to raise awareness of the death or incarceration of noncombatants. Manning contacted *The Washington Post* and *The New York Times* to no effect before turning to WikiLeaks, which published the files largely unprocessed.

"A significant subset of those records was wrongly or unnecessarily withheld from disclosure, but another subset was properly protected, and their publication was reckless and irresponsible,"


says Steven Aftergood, director of the Federation of American Scientists' Project on Government Secrecy. An outspoken critic of defense policy, Aftergood falls short of endorsing the leaks because of the indiscriminate fashion in which they were shared. He says, "Taliban forces in Afghanistan said they would scrutinize the records for intelligence value and information revealed about individuals collaborating with U.S. or Western forces."

Prosecutors plan to present WikiLeaks documents that were found during the raid that killed Osama bin Laden as evidence that Manning, at least indirectly, aided the enemy. "I don't think he realized the extent of how malicious others could be with the information," says another former analyst, Nick Della Valle. Referring to possible local nationals identified in the war logs, Della Valle says, "When you release details like that, you can compromise missions and endanger lives." Intelligence operations are driven heavily by human sources. If people feel the Americans are just going to burn them, trails will run cold. Cooperation will suffer, and thus security. In his testimony, Manning claimed to have applied caution in his decisions and avoided causing serious harm to the United States. "It's hard to imagine that he could have read all the materials that he released, and had he, it's doubtful that he was in a position to evaluate their sensitivity," says Aftergood.

Regardless of the impact of Manning's actions on the U.S. government, they are now manifested in an indispensable social artifact. As an academic, Galeotti sees the leaked documents as a valuable microcosm, and a spur for democratic debate. Manning has been nominated for the Nobel Peace Prize three times, and can be seen as a catalyst for the 2011 repealing of the military's "Don't Ask, Don't Tell" policy. His camp of sympathizers surpasses that of any straightforward turncoat in America's past. But has he opened a door, or closed one?

"I don't think I would ever do anything like that, possibly for fear of everything that he's going through now," says Della Valle, speculating what the threshold would be if he found himself in a true whistle-blower scenario. Manning exerted himself beyond whistle-blower status, though, and in doing so challenged the system to answer to him. He may not appreciate the response, or perhaps he doesn't care. Perhaps his legacy is out of his hands.

"Whatever happens to Manning," says Galeotti, "he has been mythologized as an evil enemy of state security on one hand, and a martyr to freedom of information on the other. That's a very powerful legacy."

At the very best, Manning will walk out of the military corrections complex at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, at the age of 45, plug himself into the lecture circuit, and spearhead a transparency nongovernmental organization. Or he'll die in prison, possibly many years later. Either way, *The United States v. Bradley Manning* will set a precedent for secret-wielders to come. 

The author served as an Army intelligence analyst from 2003 to 2009, and conducted multiple deployments in support of Operation Iraqi Freedom.

HOT WOMEN AND FAST CARS

It's a simple, age-old formula, and it'll be in full effect at this year's Indianapolis 500.

By John Bolster

The 97th edition of the Indianapolis 500 goes off on Sunday, May 26, and while the event has been battling irrelevancy for years, it's still capable of delivering thrills, along with a capacity crowd of race-day revelers to the world-famous Indianapolis Motor Speedway. It's a Memorial Day weekend tradition, and sports fans of every stripe are still sure to note the landmark result, whether they learn it from the ESPN ticker, or by actually watching the race.

If you're looking for a reason to take the latter option, well, here are five—a quintet of lovely race-car-driver wives likely to be on camera on that famous Sunday at the Brickyard.



Beccy Gordon

She's married to defending IndyCar Series champ Ryan Hunter-Reay, but Gordon has deep roots in racing. Her grandfather was an Indy car driver, her father was an off-road racer, and her brother Robby competes in multiple disciplines. Beccy is an off-road racer, as are her mother and sister. No surprise she married a driver.



Bronte Tagliani

Her husband, Montreal native Alex Tagliani, has never finished first in a race, but he won big when he tied the knot with Bronte in 2003. The former swimsuit model from Adelaide, Australia, hosted Spike TV's racing show *Dangerous Curves*—of which she has a few herself.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY (LEFT PAGE, FROM LEFT) ZUMA WIRE SERVICE/ALAMY, AP PHOTO/DARRON CUMMINGS, (RIGHT PAGE, CLOCKWISE FROM TOP) KRIS CONNOR/GETTY IMAGES, JOE KOHEN/GETTY IMAGES, ROBIN MARCHANT/GETTY IMAGES



Lauren Bohlander

Bohlander has been a March Madness sideline reporter, a TV-commercial actor, and a reporter and host for various motor-sports broadcasts, including IndyCar, where she met her husband, Brazilian-Lebanese racer Tony Kanaan. He's been called the best driver never to win at Indy. Is this his year?



Nicole Briscoe

This former Miss Illinois Teen U.S.A. married Aussie racer Ryan Briscoe in 2009, after forging her career as a motor-sports reporter. She cohosted Speed Channel's *The Speed Report* from 2006 to 2008, and currently anchors ESPN2's daily *NASCAR Now*. Fun fact: Briscoe was on the same high school cheerleading team as driver Danica Patrick.



Ashley Judd

She and IndyCar driver Dario Franchitti parted ways this past January, but they were married for 11 years—during which time Judd starred in 14 films, held down her spot as the University of Kentucky's most famous basketball fan, earned a degree from Harvard, and contemplated a run for the Senate in her home state. Don't rule out her showing up to support her ex at the big race. 

Red Flag

The hairiest nonfatal crashes in Indy 500 history

By John Bolster



Mark Dismore, 1991

During a practice lap, rookie Dismore lost control of his car at the pit entrance, where it slammed backward into a retaining wall and burst into flames, then shot forward into the opposite wall and blew to bits. He missed only a month of action afterward.



Kevin Cogan, 1989

Cogan was notorious for allegedly causing several awful wrecks in his career, but this was his worst: His car shredded around him until there was almost nothing left when he finally came to a stop way down the pit lane. And, incredibly, he climbed out.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BETTMANN/CORBIS (2), (RIGHT PAGE, FROM TOP) AP PHOTO/JAMES MILLER, TOM G. LYNN/TIME LIFE PICTURES/GETTY IMAGES, AP PHOTO/RICHARD DARLINGTON



Mike Conway, 2010

Conway's car went airborne, did a backward somersault, hit the *fence* (not the wall), and burst into pieces before sending him spinning down the track upside down in what was left of the vehicle. Holy schnikes.



Rick Mears, 1992

Mears lost control while trying to avoid a spinning car in turn one, then slammed—*pow!*—into the wall, flipped, and skidded upside down along the track, his helmet visible against the pavement, for what must've seemed like a mile to him. He retired at the end of that season, and we don't blame him.



Salt Walther, 1973

Car spinning out of control like a top? Check. Fuel jetting wildly all over the track? Yep. Fire? You bet. This one featured a trifecta of terror, and took out multiple other cars as well. ㄟ_ㄟ

the amazing chase


Twenty-seven-year-old Brooklyn Chase and her gorgeous DD-cup rack are a perfect fit in the adult-entertainment industry. "I'm a porn star, baby!" she tells us. "And I love it! I get to have lots of sex and be surrounded by really great people."

Photographs by Preston Geoffrey Parker







A full-page photograph of a woman with long brown hair and red lipstick, posing in black lace lingerie on a white fur rug. She is looking down with her mouth slightly open. The background shows a clear sky and some distant buildings.

**"I've done a lot of scenes
in my career, but I still
fantasize about being
manhandled by two (or
more) hot guys."**

**"My first threesome was
the most amazing sexual
encounter of my life. It was
a totally unforgettable
experience!"**







"I'm easy to please. My idea of a perfect date is dinner, coffee, and a walk. As long as a man can make me laugh, I'm happy."



"At heart, I'm pretty down-to-earth. The proudest moment of my life was when I bought a new car all on my own, knowing I could afford it."

SEE MORE OF BROOKLYN AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).





The Sin Trade

The world is your oyster when you know where around the globe to find pussy-for-pay.

By Joe Diamond

Armed with a passport and relatively little cash, you have a 100 percent shot at fucking beautiful women all over the world. Yes, I'm talking about prostitutes. In many places, the sex trade is legal (depending on the girl's age, of course), and is thought of in very different terms than it is in an America that's still largely in the grip of Puritan values. There are many exotic places to get your happy on, to lose yourself in the embrace of gorgeous sex kittens with seductive foreign accents. If this sounds to your liking, become a monger (as seasoned sex travelers call themselves). Just read on for a taste of where to play, where to stay, and what you'll pay in major flesh markets around the globe.

Brazil

Prostitution is so legit in Brazil, it's listed in the government's official "Classification of Occupations."

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil's most iconic city, is the country's sex-travel capital. Whatever your type, Rio's got her, from bubble-butt Latinas to blonde aspiring supermodels to mocha-skinned beauties. The ethnic buffet will make your head spin. Summer in Brazil lasts from December to March. Rio's main tourist times, New Year's and Carnival, fall within that stretch. As waves of foreigners arrive, prostitutes from all over Brazil flock to Rio, making these holidays peak season for procuring pussy.

Mongers' daytime sexcapades focus on Rio's *termas*, upscale strip clubs/health spas/whorehouses. You pay a small entrance fee, then you're free to use the club's sauna or get a massage; private time with the girls is on top of that. Among the best is Quatro por Quatro (Four by Four, as

it's known among gringos) in Centro, Rio's business district. Be warned: Men have gone into cardiac shock the first time they've laid eyes on the wall-to-wall eye candy strutting around in lingerie. Don't be shocked if out of nowhere your ass gets pinched or a stealthy hand reaches into your robe and teases your joystick. It's par for the course. Forty minutes with a Brazilian beauty costs roughly \$120. An hour is about \$10 more.

Near Copacabana Beach there's another popular *terma*, Monte Carlo. You can also stay as long as you like in the little nightclub, just flirting with the *garotas de programa* and drinking. Including the entrance fee, forty minutes with a girl will cost you about \$180. If you pay in cash, you'll save about \$15. It's not as cheap as it was before the dollar took a nosedive, but *terma* girls are widely considered some of the hottest pieces of ass on the planet, and a major reason why veteran mongers go back to Rio.

Check out Copacabana's Blame It On Rio 4 Travel. The owner, transplanted New Yorker Bobby Frischman, is something of a legend in Rio. He can help you get decent prices on airfare and accommodations. Also try Brazilian Express for flight deals.

Terma girls are widely considered some of the hottest pieces of ass on the planet, and a major reason why veteran mongers go back to Rio.



Canada

The epicenter of Canada's mongering scene is Montreal. The city's sex industry employs about 6,000 people, generating an estimated \$350 million per year.



For Americans on the East Coast, Montreal is especially convenient. And despite being the largest French-speaking city in the world after Paris, English is almost universally spoken there, so language won't be an issue. Prostitution's legal in Montreal, but brothels are not. The strip clubs are a huge tourist magnet, but the most mileage you'll get there legally is heavy petting. The real draw for mongers is the escort services, which boast some of the sexiest ladies in the Northern Hemisphere. Hotels in the city are largely tolerant of guests bringing escorts to their rooms.

"The escort services are wonderful at recruiting top-notch beauties who love what they do," says David, 33, a Connecticut businessman who makes frequent trips to Montreal. "Of course," he adds, "this is made somewhat easier by the fact that French-Canadian girls take a backseat to no one in their ability to please men." David's favorite girl is a 21-year-old busty blonde who works for Montreal XXXTase, which

charges \$180 per hour for the first two hours; additional hours are \$160. "My experiences with girls from XXXTase have been remarkable," says David. "Not only do they give you great service, they make you feel like a million bucks."

Costa Rica

Working girls come to San José from all over Latin America to ply their trade.

It's always interesting to see what mainstream travel sites say about high-profile mongering destinations. Fodor's almost encourages you to skip Costa Rica's capital of San José entirely, and that's fine, if all you want to do is go tree hugging in the rain forest. If you're there for sex, San José

is the place to be, especially the area known as Gringo Gulch.

The main gathering point, the hub of Gringo Gulch, is the Blue Marlin Bar at the Hotel Del Rey, in the heart of downtown. On a good night, the Blue Marlin is packed with working girls and horny American guys. The Del Rey's website features a 24-hour live Blue Marlin webcam; check it out, especially at night, to take a peek at the goings-on. Many of the girls at the Blue Marlin and other local meat markets will try to charge you \$100 for an hour. If you have decent negotiating skills and some game, you might knock it down to as low as \$60 for *toda la noche*, an all-nighter. The Del Rey also owns the Key Largo nightclub across the street, another magnet for pros and mongers.

Montreal's strip clubs are a huge tourist magnet, but the real draw for mongers is the escort services, which boast some of the sexiest ladies in the Northern Hemisphere.



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CORBIS, (THIS PAGE FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) CANADA/ALAMY,
MAXSTOCK/ALAMY, HUGH SUTTON/CORBIS, DECO/ALAMY

In recent years, the Del Rey has faced stiff competition from Sportsmens Lodge, at the far end of the Gulch. On a busy night, the lodge's bar pulls in about 50 women, with a two-to-one ratio in favor of women. Rooms at the Hotel Del Rey start at \$118 per night; Sportsmens Lodge charges \$65 for a standard room. Both hotels are "tica friendly," meaning bringing pros back to your room is allowed. Unlike Sportsmens Lodge, however, the Del Rey will charge you an \$11 guest fee.

The Tico Times has a detailed map (tinyurl.com/mongmap) showing all the main mongering spots in San José. Overall, though, the best resource for Costa Rican sex tourism is CostaRicaTicas.com, a treasure trove of trip reports and other invaluable intel from experienced mongers.

The Czech Republic

Since the fall of Communism in Eastern Europe, the Czech capital, Prague, at the crossroads of Eastern and Western Europe, has become a hub for sex tourism.

One of Prague's most famous brothels is Club K5 Relax, within walking distance of the city center. Unlike other brothels in the area, the girls can't approach customers and give them a hard sell; they have to wait for customers to choose them. The club employs 90 girls, and 25 to 40 of them work each shift. The entrance fee is about \$25. A half-hour session costs around \$125, an hour around \$200. K5 is big on theme rooms. Among your options, you can pretend you're Caesar in a Roman room or a knight in a medi-

eval setting; you can choose several girls for your very own harem and take them to the "1001 Nights" room; or have out-of-this-world sex on a lunar landscape.

Calling itself the largest adult-entertainment complex in all of Europe, ShowPark entails two indoor red-light districts, ShowPark Market and ShowPark DaVinci, with a total of 81 rooms. Prices for sex (what the ShowPark website euphemistically calls "shows") are negotiated directly with each girl. Be nice, and, according to the website, "You may get a discount or the girl may offer you her show for free." A typical 20-minute session with a blowjob and sex costs roughly \$50.

Prague has plenty of three- and four-star hotels at reasonable rates. Check out Prague.PlacesToStay.com for some good deals.



The Dominican Republic

The Dominican Republic has one of the most unique institutions in all of mongering: the “all-inclusive” resort, where the amenities include hookers.



One of the island nation’s top all-inclusives is Blue Paradise in Puerto Plata. Everything’s provided for you, from the car that picks you up at the airport to the lovely Latinas who are the real reason you came. “Blue Paradise is something everyone should experience,” says James, who’s been a guest at the resort. “It’s a *Twilight Zone* where the girls want you just as much as you want them.”

Guest packages are not cheap. The most basic, called “the Girlfriend Experience” (another beloved term in the world of pussy-for-pay), is \$895 per night with a minimum of three nights. That allows you to stay with

one companion from early evening until the next morning, and you can change companions each night. For \$1,195 per night you get “the Ultimate Threesome” package, which entitles you to explore one of man’s most cherished erotic fantasies.

Some hard-core mongers frown on the all-inclusive concept, especially the high prices. They prefer the à la carte, do-it-yourself approach to sex travel. The Dominican Republic offers plenty of opportunities for these self-starters. But if you’re looking for something in between, Blackbeard’s Adult Resort in Costambar bills itself as a “full-service non-inclusive” resort. There’s a restaurant, a pool, a Jacuzzi, three bars, and a private sunbathing area; rooms go for \$55 to \$119 per night. The working girls are free-lancers, not employed by the resort. Up to an hour with a girl costs about \$40; an all-nighter is about \$75.

The Dominican Republic offers all-inclusive resorts, opportunities for do-it-yourself sex travel, and even something-something in between.

Germany

You'll find some of the raunchiest sex in Germany's FKK (Freikörperkultur) clubs, nudist colonies that have evolved into überbrothels offering such amenities as saunas, gyms, massages, food, and drink.

Germany legalized its thriving sex industry in 2001, guaranteeing prostitutes the same rights as other workers, including health insurance. For their part, prostitutes must register with the authorities and pay taxes. About 400,000 people work in Germany's sex trade. One of Germany's largest FKK clubs is Artemis, in central Berlin, which employs more than 100 girls. Describing his first time there, a monger wrote on WorldSexGuide.com. "It truly was a cornucopia of delight for the eye: blonde girls, black girls, brown girls, oriental girls, tall, short, tanned, pale, long-legged, big-titted, medium-titted, tiny-titted ... the smorgasbord of international pulchritude was almost overwhelming!" If the selection of women doesn't immediately get you horny, you might want to pop into the club's "erotic cinema." Artemis' entrance fee is about \$110, which allows you to leave and return all day. A half-hour with a girl is in the neighborhood of \$80.

Over the past decade, *partytreffs* have emerged as a pay-one-price alternative to FKKs. "You have a selection of women and you can have sex as much as you want to, which is amazing," says Jackyo, a frequent visitor to Germany. "You can spend the whole day and screw and eat and drink and all your needs are taken care of, which just blows the mind." Berlin has two well-known *partytreffs*, King George on Grunewaldstrasse and Caligula on Martin Luther Strasse. Both charge a flat rate about \$135.

Try EuroCheapo.com for reviews and deals on affordable Berlin accommodations.

Thailand

Thailand has a long history of prostitution, with more than 400,000 men visiting brothels each day.

Paying for sex has technically been illegal in Thailand since 1960, but the Entertainment Places Act of 1966 helped the government tap the wallets of visiting GIs by allowing massage parlors, go-go bars, and the like to essentially serve as brothels. Even a military coup in 2006 failed to have an appreciable impact on Thailand's sex trade. The high season in the Land of Smiles runs

from November to February, when the weather is at its nicest and the nightlife is in full gear.

Whorist.com, a great site for first-time sex travelers to Asia, notes that the legal age for paid sex in Thailand is 18. "Significant numbers of foreigners are arrested and imprisoned for breaking this law," according to the site. "To make sure you're on the right side of the law, stick to girls 20 years of age and upward. Have a good look at the girl and her ID, and if in doubt, keep well clear."

Soi Cowboy, Bangkok's busiest red-light district, is home to some 40 bars, most of them filled with go-go dancers who double as prostitutes. The whole area is bathed in neon, almost like a little Las Vegas. "Let me tell you about these dancers," says Bill, 25, a Marine vet from Florida who visited Bangkok last November. "They're in tiny skirts and bras, if that much, swaying to the music. It's quite a sight. I pulled a gorgeous spinner one night, stayed with her for a day and a half. She gave me some of the greatest sex of my life for about \$100."

Accommodations are also affordable. "I stayed in a great little apartment for \$240 a month," says Bill. Check out ThaiApartment.com for short- and long-term rentals. ☞



PHOTOGRAPHED BY (LEFT TO RIGHT) BUENA VISTA IMAGES/GETTY IMAGES, COURTESY BLUE PARADISE DR. CARO ALAMY, CRIS HAIGH/ALAMY



Legal Spread Eagle

This legal assistant helps out his coworkers when it really counts.

As told to Greg Hudock

I always wanted to go to law school to become a public defender, but before I took out the massive loans it would require, I got a paralegal certification and found a job as a legal assistant to see what it was like. I became interested in law because I wanted to stop injustices from happening. I still do. The beautiful women I run into at the law firm and in the courthouse are just a bonus.

Carolyn was one of the sweetest girls I'd ever met. She was in her early twenties, but I would have bet anything she was still a virgin. She worked the front desk at the firm, so it was her job to greet people and keep track of everyone's schedules. I overheard one of the guys say she was slutty, but she seemed so wholesome that I assumed she'd rejected him and he was just being a jerk. One holiday, when we were supposed to be off, I got called into work. Carolyn greeted me and told me to go to one of the meeting rooms. I assumed I was waiting on one of the lawyers, but instead, Carolyn opened the door and came in.

"Unbutton your pants," she said in a demure tone.

Caught completely off guard, I assumed she was just kidding around. "Is this a new sexual-harassment seminar?" I joked.

"This is no seminar," she said, dead serious. You know that saying "Don't ztrue. Carolyn gave me the greatest blowjob I had ever had in my life. She deep-throated me, licked my balls, and knew just the right amount of suction to use. Her mouth was like a vagina with a tongue. As she sucked hard on the head of my cock, I blew a gigantic load of come, which she slurped up and swallowed, every last drop. I think seeing how many guys in the office she could seduce was a game to her.

Lauren was a cute redhead who worked as a legal assistant for a competing firm. I first met her in a courthouse cafeteria. She was nice, but very withdrawn. It seemed as if, to her, men were nothing but a distraction. I was dying to find out if she was just doing a really good job of repressing her sex drive. One afternoon at lunch, as she went over some court notes, I decided to make a move, pickup-artist-style.

"What were you like in high school?" I asked, trying to start trouble. "I'll bet you were boring as shit."



"What? You're such an asshole," she fired back.

"I'm sure you had lots of fun reading books and playing chess," I continued.

"Why are you acting like this?" she replied, incensed.

"You just seem boring, is all I'm saying."

"Well, I'm not!"

"Prove it," I said, putting my plan in motion. "Let's go for drinks after work so you can let your hair down a little." She agreed.

That night at the bar, the walls came down, and after two rounds of drinks, we made our way to her apartment. The doorman said the elevator wasn't working, so we had to walk up six stories. On the third flight of stairs, she tripped on the top step. I caught her, our eyes locked, and it was on. We made out with intensity, the moment made even hotter because we knew we could get caught at any second.

"How's this for boring?" she asked, as she stood up against the wall and opened her legs. "Come on, I've always wanted to do it in a public place."

I was already hard, so I pulled my dick out of my pants. I fucked her as

hard as I could, but she still wanted more. "Pound me!" she whispered over and over. When we heard footsteps coming up the steps, I pulled out and shot my wad onto a nearby radiator.

I thought that was as crazy as it would get, until I worked on a product-liability case with Rebecca, one of the newest attorneys at the firm. She was a stunningly beautiful brunette, and also incredibly smug and bossy. She treated all the lower-level employees like dirt. Late one afternoon, she told me to deliver a file to the judge's chamber, but there was no answer when I knocked on the door. I told this to Rebecca and she went off on me. "You're fucking worthless!" she fumed. "You know he's there, just give him the fucking file!"

As I tried to respond, she interrupted me: "Come on, I'll fucking show you how it's done."

We made our way to the judge's chamber and Rebecca knocked, but there was still no answer. I explained our predicament to a passing bailiff and he unlocked the door so we could get into the secretary's office. She threw the file onto the desk and we both stormed back to her office. As I followed her into the room, she turned

around, bumping into my chest. She snarled, "Why don't you fucking watch where you're going?"

I'd had enough. "You think you can fucking speak to me like this?" I blasted back. I was expecting a fight or to be fired, but instead, her eyes filled with tears. She wrapped her arms around me and started to cry. "I'm sorry, I'm going through a terrible divorce," she whimpered.

I was so pissed that I didn't care. As I tried to pull away, she did something I didn't expect. She grabbed my dick. "I haven't had sex in months," she confessed, teasing my cock through my pants.

"I'm going to change that," I said, still angry. She was a pussycat posing as a pit bull, and I was going to put her in her place and fuck her good. I turned her around, bent her over, and pulled up her skirt. "Yes, fuck me!" she said approvingly. I teased her pussy, getting my dick nice and wet, then said, "Oh, I'll fuck you all right. I'm going to fuck this gorgeous ass of yours!" She gasped, then bent over the desk further and pulled a bottle of hand lotion out of her drawer. "This is the closest thing to lube I have," she said. I lubed up her ass with it, working two fingers in as I fucked her cunt, then slowly inched my cock into her ass. As soon as I got all the way in, I started to thrust. Then I grabbed her hair and pulled it as I fucked her. It felt so good to dominate her that I quickly shot my load deep inside her ass. Then I pulled out and left her there, with come dripping down her legs. Great ass or not, she was still a bitch. ㄱ





the naked truth

When Lexi and Nicole show each other the nude self-portraits they took for their boyfriends, the teasing sisterhood of close friendship quickly sparks into passionate explorations and climactic pleasure. And after hours of satiating each other's newfound desires, they realize that the guys are really going to love the photos they'll take together.

Photographs by Viv Thomas



















SEE MORE OF LEXI & NICOLE AT [PENTHOUSE.COM](https://www.penthouse.com).

CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

Whether you're looking for tips to improve your performance between the sheets, answers to a question or two, or help with an issue you can't take to even your most trusted friend, our expert can help. It's time to get schooled.

By Martin Downs, M.P.H.



Fire in the Hole!

During oral sex, my boyfriend never gives me enough warning before he ejaculates. Is there a way for me to tell when a man is about to come?

Sure. Give him a bicycle horn to honk. Tell him to honk once when he's getting close, and twice right before he comes.

I'm kidding about the horn, but not about giving you a heads-up. Usually a guy's orgasm doesn't take him by surprise. There is a threshold, or "point of no return," beyond which orgasm is inevitable. Most of the time a guy is aware of passing that a couple of seconds before he ejaculates. That should be enough time to warn you.

Have him keep his hand on your shoulder, head, or thigh as he nears the home stretch. Then he can give you a little squeeze or tap to signal that he's about to shoot.

It would also help if he talked to you. Guys tend to be stone silent while we're getting blown. But all the while, a smutty monologue—*oh yeah baby suck it good suck that dick yeah suck it oh take it in your pretty mouth oh damn your mouth feels so good suck it yeah*—is running in our heads. Tell him it's okay to say it out loud. That way, you can gauge how you're doing, and it will feel less awkward for him than out of nowhere blurting, "I'm gonna come!"

But I should also explain, for the benefit of other readers, why you might want to be warned prior to ejaculation.

For one, some people have a sensitive gag reflex. An unexpected jet of come in the throat can make them gag. That can be unpleasant. With a little warning, they can prepare their throat for the squirt, change the angle so it doesn't go straight back, or not take it in the mouth at all.

Some people don't like jizz in their mouths, and that's that. But some guys feel that a blowjob is no good if they can't come in their partner's mouth. For couples in this quandary, who ought to compromise? I think there's a clear answer. A man has a right to have his cock sucked, and

sucked well. But he should respect the one who's doing him the favor. When he presents his dick for sucking, it should be clean and healthy. And I think fairness demands that he respect his partner's wishes about where the come goes.

Think of it like this: Is it fair if, at the very moment your pleasure peaks, the person giving you that pleasure has to experience something she wants to avoid?

I say it's not fair at all.

Fairness aside, it is also a fact that a man gets more blowjobs when his partner likes giving them. And the more practice one has giving blowjobs, the better the blowjobs are. That's a compromise I'd take.

Penis-Pump Primer

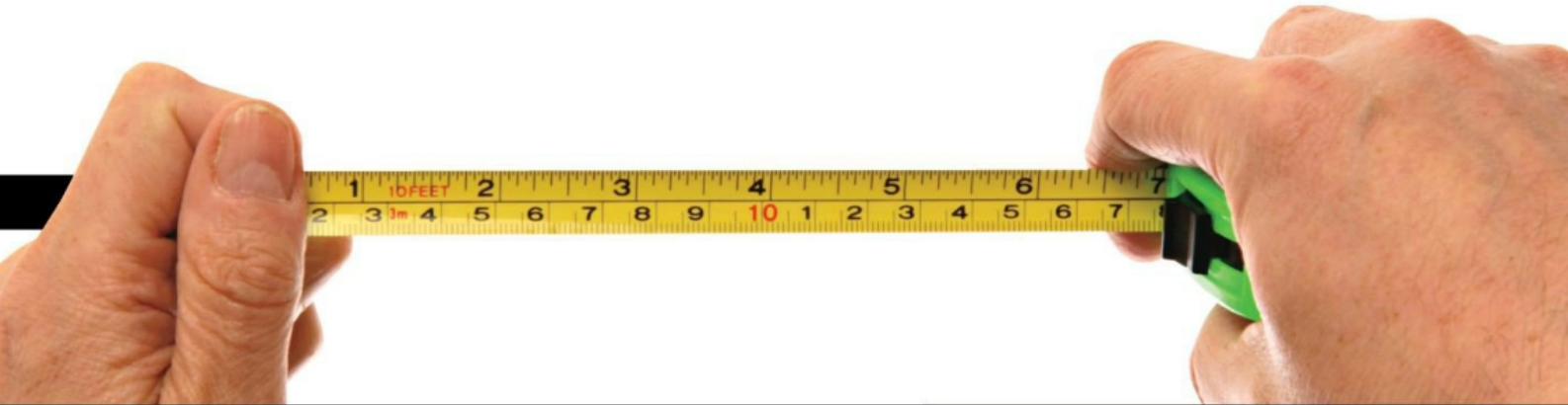
How do penis pumps work? Are they worth trying?

That depends on what you're expecting. I think lots of things are worth trying for the experience alone. But most men who use penis pumps are going for a particular result. One is to enlarge the penis, temporarily or permanently. The other is that penis pumping can be pleasurable and fun.

A penis pump is a pretty simple device. It's a vacuum pump attached to a tube. You put your penis into the tube and operate the pump to create a vacuum around it. The vacuum draws blood into your penis. The more you pump, the more engorged your penis gets.

Your penis swells with blood whenever you get an erection. That's how erections work. Before Viagra, penis pumps were among the few things that could help impotent men get erections. They still work for that purpose. Penis pumps may also help straighten a crooked penis caused by scar-tissue buildup—a medical problem called Peyronie's disease.

A vacuum pump pulls more blood into the penis than there is with a normal erection, stretching the spongy erectile tissue to its max capacity. A more swollen penis would, in fact, appear bigger than a typical erection.



You can put a cock ring around the base of your penis to clamp off the vessels that let blood flow out of the penis. You'd fit the ring, typically a silicone band, around the base of the pump tube before inserting your penis into the tube, then slide the band off the tube to the base of the penis. Then you can release the vacuum, take your big, swollen cock out of the tube, and do with it what you please. Temporarily, you'll have a bigger penis. You can safely keep it like that for up to 30 minutes.

Penis pumps do not, however, make your penis "grow." What you've got is what you've got. Pumping it up only expands the existing tissue. Your body will not respond by growing more penile tissue over time.

Some guys pump, not in hopes of achieving a bigger banana, but because they like how it feels.

I have to admit that I haven't tried using one. Somehow, it has never seemed like the right time to go out and buy a penis pump. Medical-grade pumps can cost hundreds of dollars. Nonmedical pumps sold as sex toys are in the price range of \$20 to \$60.

If you go for a nonmedical pump, get one with a safety valve to prevent over-pumping. Too much pressure can burst blood vessels and damage tissues in your penis. You shouldn't use a penis pump if you have diabetes, vascular disease, a bleeding disorder, or if you take a blood-thinning medicine. Other than that, they're generally safe for most men. Go ahead and try. Maybe this kind of thing is your bag.

Different Strokes


I recently started dating a guy with Asperger's syndrome. We haven't had sex yet, and I'm wondering if people with Asperger's have any sexual difficulties I should be aware of.

Adults with Asperger's syndrome are just as sexual as anyone else, and many, if not most, "Aspies" are interested in having sexual relationships. Asperger's syndrome is a form of autism that mainly affects a person's social skills in a way that makes it hard

to connect with others. They often don't "read" social cues well, and they have problems understanding the unwritten codes of behavior that people follow in various social situations. They also tend to be self-centered and have very narrow, eccentric interests. As you might guess, all this can make it hard for them to get a date.

Many people with Asperger's learn to cope so that they can have more or less normal relationships. Still, they often have a lot of anxiety when it comes to sex, because the things that make one a good lover are precisely the things they struggle with—sharing enjoyment, the ability to express desires, the ability to gauge a partner's state of mind, and having a high degree of emotional engagement, otherwise known as passion. It's difficult even for normal adults to get all these things right. It takes experience, which many adult Aspies lack, having gotten a later start than most people their age.

If your boyfriend's social skills are good enough for him to be dating you, then he must be aware of the ways in which he's different, and he may be worried that, in a sexual encounter, those differences might offend or even scare you.

My advice to you is to go into it with a mind-set that it's okay if the sex is a little weird. If you have a genuinely understanding and accepting attitude, then you can reassure your boyfriend that you won't be freaked out. Also, it would be a good idea to tell him explicitly what you expect and what your boundaries are. Aspies don't "get" those things intuitively. That means talking about how you want things to go in a level of detail we don't normally discuss with partners (but probably should): If I do this, it means that; I like this, but not that. Likewise, he should tell you exactly what he wants to do with you, so that you're both on the same page. 



Many Aspies are interested in having sexual relationships, but lack experience and social skills, making it hard to connect with others.

MAGIC FINGERS

PENCILS BY JASON JOHNSON
INKS BY EDWIN ROSELL
COLORS BY JAMES ROCHELLE

I've never gotten involved with any of the cheerleaders at the university where I work as a physical therapist—until recently.



I had just finished my last set of reps when the squad began filing out of the studio. Marylou was one of the last people to leave.



Hi, Bill.



I know it's Friday, but I was hoping you'd give me a rubdown.



I told her to get ready in the training room, while I locked the door to my office.



I don't know why I do this.

When I walked into the training room, Marylou was waiting.



I was hoping to get one of your famous mineral rubs.

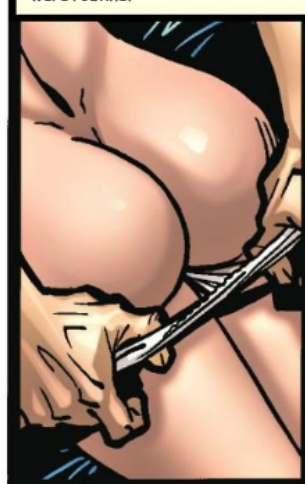
Sure. Just relax while I warm the oil.



Soon I was running my well-oiled fingers over her shoulders and upper back, while staring at her pink lacy panties.



Then I boldly removed her panties and massaged her taut ass as if it were routine.





Mmm,
that feels
good,
Bill.

After she
turned over,
I massaged
her succulent
breasts. As I
applied more
pressure,
her legs fell
open ...

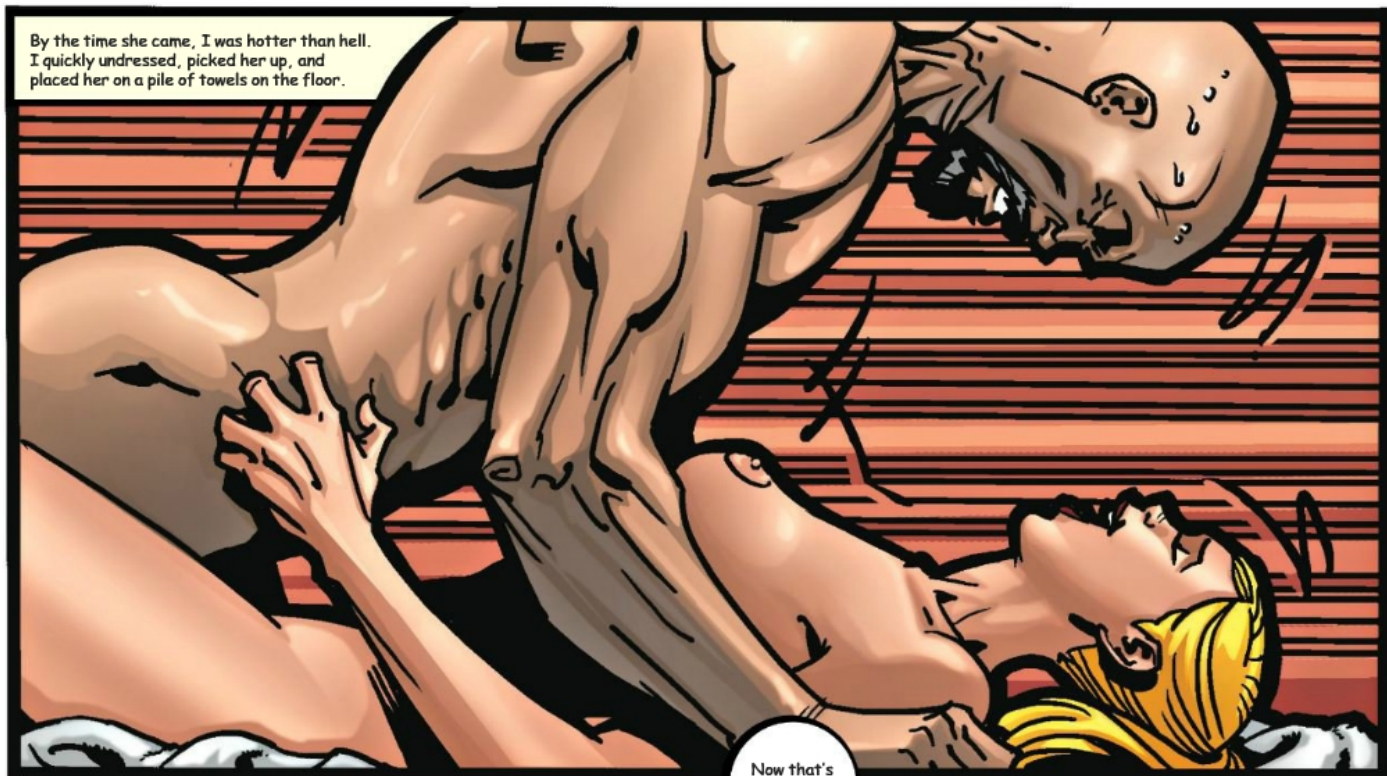


... giving me a clear view of her
moist cunt.



I slid her oiled butt to the edge of the table and began lapping at her.

OH, YEAH, BILL,
LICK MY
PUSSY!



By the time she came, I was hotter than hell.
I quickly undressed, picked her up, and
placed her on a pile of towels on the floor.

Now that's
what I call a
rubdown!



The End

Banker's Hours

A hot tale from Letters to Penthouse XXXXVII: Sexxxx on the Job, published by Grand Central Publishing.

Becoming a sperm donor was something I'd considered for quite some time. It seemed a great way to not only help a lady get pregnant, but to get paid for jerking off as well. Every time I thought about it, I'd laugh. To think I'd been beating my meat for years, and now someone was going to pay me cash for a capful of come.

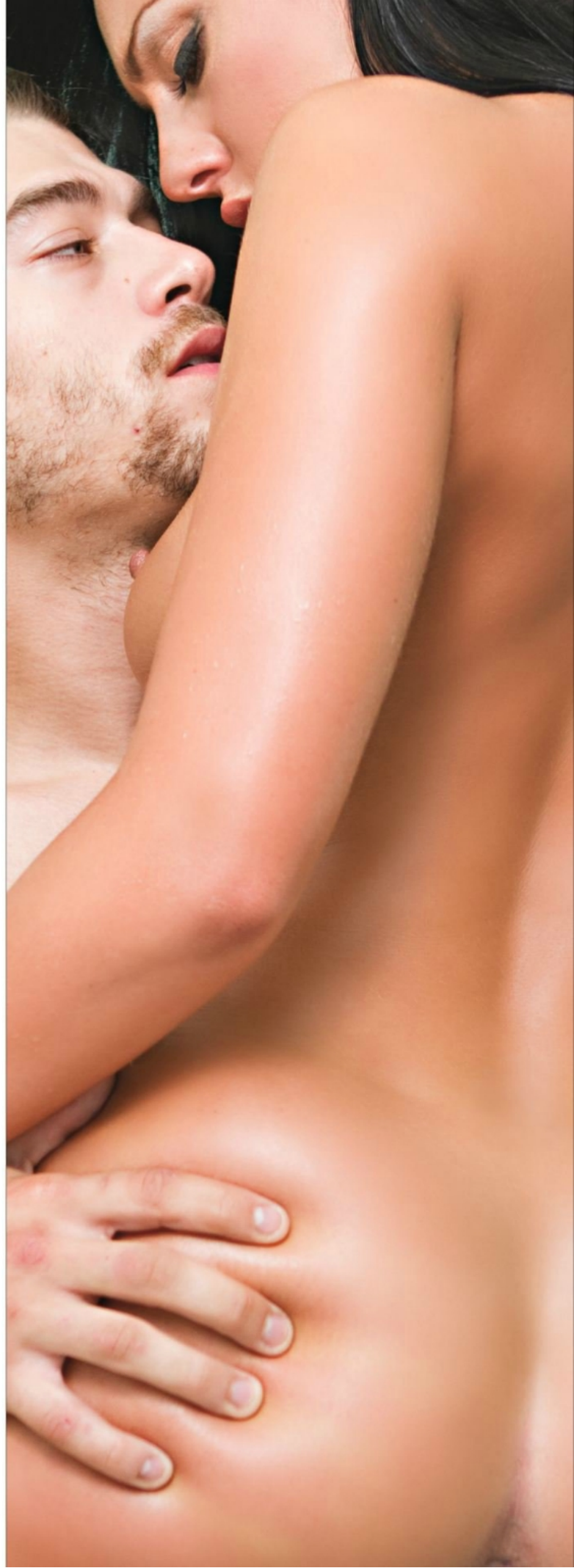
I decided to open up my "account" at the sperm bank on Saturday. When I got there, I was handed an application. I proceeded to answer the questions about my background, hobbies, and general health. While I was filling out the questionnaire, I sensed that one of the nurses was giving me the once-over from across the room. I looked up and she smiled. That alone was enough to perk up my pecker.

This woman was hot. Her long black hair hung over her shoulders and seemed to end right where her beautifully firm breasts began. The rest of her was hidden behind a desk, but if the bottom half of her was as sensational as the top, I'd have her nurse me back to health anytime.

When I was through with the application, the doctor checked my height and weight, and took a blood sample. Now came the moment of truth. I was handed a plastic container and sent into one of the empty rooms down the corridor to take care of business. I really thought this was going to be a cinch, but the room was so cold that my dick wanted to crawl back inside my pants to stay warm. I don't know how long I'd been in that room, but suddenly there was a knock at the door.

"Is everything all right in there?" asked a soft female voice. Before I could answer, the Florence Nightingale of my dreams walked in. As she had caught me with my pants down, she could see where the trouble lay. "Perhaps I can help you," she said, taking my cock in her warm, slender hands.

The room temperature began to rise—or perhaps it was just the temperature of my loins. I unzipped her white blouse and cupped her breasts in my hands. When I pulled them from their lacy facade, they sprang free, nipples erect and waiting to be touched.



We kissed. Our tongues explored each other's mouth, ears, and neck. I kissed her breasts, and then took her nipples between my teeth and playfully bit them. She moaned. All this time my private nurse continued to stroke my shaft, tease my balls, and massage my crown. My dick was rock-hard.

I grabbed her buttocks and began to massage her firm ass, first through her white skirt and then under it. I slipped my hands into her panties, moving them between her thighs. I slid my fingers between her parted cunt lips and found her clit. Her honey was all over my fingers. I brought them to my mouth and licked them clean. I made a joke about this being a bank of sorts, and how this was my first transaction.


"Why don't you put some of your savings into my safe-deposit box?" she said, sitting on the desk. I quickly positioned myself between her spread legs.

She was dripping wet, which made for easy entrance into her love canal. Her hands clutched at my back, leaving tiny cat scratches down my body. My fingers were entwined in her black, silky locks as I held her head.

Our bodies rose and fell in unison as my cock burrowed deeper and deeper inside her. She began to tremble and shudder. I knew she was close to orgasm. The contraction of her thighs and vagina clamped my dick so hard, I came in a fury, triggering her orgasm as well.

Both of us, now sexually satisfied, spent a few minutes cooling down. Suddenly I realized that my sperm container had not been used. My beautiful woman in white said, "Don't worry, I can make you hard again!" And she was right. Her skillful hands went to work, and before I knew it, I had in the container just what the doctor ordered.

It seems this woman was not actually a nurse. She told me that she was a volunteer, and took the job because the idea of working in a sperm bank really turned her on.

Unfortunately, one cannot make a deposit at a sperm bank on a weekly basis. I did, however, get her phone number, and she said she'd help me get started on my Christmas club fund anytime I want. —
S.C., Florida 

She was dripping wet, which made for easy entrance into her love canal. Our bodies rose and fell as my cock burrowed inside her.



tiny dancer




Model/porn star/dancer C. J. Miles proves once and for all that good things come in small packages. This sizzling 31-year-old from the Philippines packs so much sex appeal in her curvaceous four-foot-nine frame that she seems to defy the laws of physics.

Photographs by Cisco Lamessi





A full-page photograph of a woman with long, wavy brown hair, posing on a bed with white linens. She is wearing a black lace thong and a black wristband. She is holding a black high-heeled shoe in her right hand and a black high-heeled shoe in her left hand. She is looking back over her shoulder at the camera. The background is dark, and there is a lamp visible in the upper left corner.

"I love to fantasize about having a threesome, but I think that will stay just a fantasy. I don't think I could do that for real. I like intimate sex and romance that's one-on-one."

"I'm straight-up with guys because I want them to be straight-up with me. I'm cool with being a rebound, a fuck buddy, or a serious girlfriend, as long as I know what's up."





"I'm a hopeless romantic, really. When I'm with someone exclusively, I'm there 100 percent and always faithful. But if he fucks up, he's fucked."







"If I could have sex with anyone, who would I pick? I'll pass on answering that, but I do wish I could unfuck a lot of my exes. LOL."

SEE MORE OF C.J. AT PENTHOUSE.COM.





Spring Fling

I had been engaged for about a year and had only one month until the wedding when I suddenly got cold feet. Some of my friends who were still partying and screwing around told me I needed to have one last fling. The more I thought about it, the more sense it made, and the more excited I became about the idea. But if I was going to cheat, I had to do it before the wedding. And it had to be with someone special.

The first person I thought of was Gail. I met her at a friend's party, where we'd both done too many shots. One minute we were talking, and the next we were making out. My panties had gotten so wet when Gail explored my mouth with her tongue and touched me between my legs. I'd felt flushed and hot, and had to take another drink to calm down.

Before that night, I'd never kissed another woman, but Gail was hard to resist. She's what I call bi-sexy. She'd had guys *and* girls coming on to her all night. She had called me a few times after the party, asking me to meet her for a drink, and although I'd really wanted to, each time I said I had to meet my fiancé. I knew that if I ever saw her again, I'd want to do more with her than simply kiss. Now seemed like the perfect time, and somehow being with another woman felt less like cheating than screwing a guy. I told myself that I could suggest inviting my fiancé to join us if things went well, and that really eased my guilt.

I called Gail, told her I'd been thinking about that night at the party, and invited her out for a drink. She jumped at the offer. Confident that she wanted the same thing I did, I suggested a bar in a hotel. I arrived early, reserved a room, and waited for Gail at the bar. I knew the instant she arrived, because the men who were checking me out suddenly looked toward the entrance. She walked in wearing a short skirt, heels, and an ultra-sheer blouse over her huge, firm breasts. She looked amazing.

"It's good to see you, Gail," I told her, feeling a rush of heat. "You look fabulous."

"You look pretty good yourself. I see you ordered shots. You remembered."

"That's not all I ordered," I added with a grin, flashing the keycard to the room. Then Gail and I reached for our

shots and downed them.

"I've wanted to hook up with you ever since the party, as I'm sure you know," she said. "What made you call me now?"

"I'm getting married soon, but I just can't stop thinking about you and wondering what I might be missing."

"I'm as anxious to find out as you are, so let's go!"

Gail grabbed the keycard and pulled me toward the elevator. We kissed and groped each other on the way up, just like we had at the party. Once we were behind closed doors, we scrambled to pull each other's clothes off. Then we slowed down to look at each other. She was gorgeous, and I was so overwhelmed that I wasn't sure what to do next, but Gail pressed her nipples against my chest and kissed me. It was even more erotic than when we'd made out before.

Gail's hand moved down toward my pussy, but I was still surprised when she stuck two fingers in my snatch. I moaned at the unexpected invasion and squeezed her hand between my thighs. My head fell back, and when I felt Gail's hot lips on my neck, I came in a rush of pleasure.

I looked at Gail again, then fell to my knees, spreading her legs wide and diving in for my first taste of pussy. I loved it! I plunged my tongue into her as far as I could, gently

rubbing her clit with my thumb. It didn't take long for Gail to cry out, and she grabbed my shoulders to steady herself as she came.

She pulled me to my feet and together we fell onto the bed. We held each other and just touched and kissed until the kisses grew deeper and more demanding. I took the lead this time and shifted around until I was on top of her in a sixty-nine. I was dying to do her again, and I wanted her to do me, too.

We took our time with each other, exploring, tasting, and touching until we were mirroring each other's actions with our tongues and fingers. Finally, we each had another incredible orgasm. Then we spent the rest of the night experimenting, coming so many times I lost count.

Though I had intended it to be a one-time thing, I think I may have become a pussy junkie. I'm still getting married, but I want to have my cake and eat it, too! I just hope my fiancé doesn't mind.—H.V., Nevada

A Long, Tall Drink of Water

After being on my feet for three days of instructional seminars at a recent convention, I was tired of wearing a suit and tie. It felt good to kick back in a T-shirt and jeans while enjoying a sandwich and a beer in the hotel's lounge.

I was pleased to see Lynette, a rep for one of the major vendors. She asked if she could join me, and I eagerly said yes. Lynette stood out in my memory—she was six-four. I'm

I took the lead and shifted around until I was on top in a sixty-nine. I was dying to do her again, and I wanted her to do me, too.





six-two, and not used to looking up at women.

"Let me buy you a drink," I said.

Lynette smiled and said, "I'll have what you're having."

After she ordered, Lynette said, "I'm like you. I like to go casual on my own time. I saw you in the lobby and noticed how comfortable you looked, and thought I'd join you."

I smiled and lowered my eyes to her chest. "And I'm glad to see that you've also changed." I could tell she wasn't wearing a bra.

"On the trade-show floor, you said you'd give anything for a good back rub. I'd be happy to oblige if you're still in need," Lynette said. The gleam in her eyes reminded me of our brief conversation earlier that day.

"That's just what I need," I said. "Is this a good time?"

"Let's finish our drinks first. Then we can go up to my room," she said.

Once we were in Lynette's room, she said, "Let's start by helping each other take off our clothes. I really want you to see my boobs, and I want to see what you've got to offer. Then we can take a shower, get into our back-rubbing, and see what develops."

Lynette lay back on the bed and asked me to take off her sandals. I did, and slowly caressed her legs all the way up to her crotch. Lynette lifted her hips so I could pull off her shorts. She hadn't bothered with underpants. I ran my tongue slowly up her thighs and teased her clit with a couple of licks, but she pushed me away and stood up so I could help her out of her blouse. She was a gorgeous, full-bodied woman. And, yes, those breasts did look fabulous!

She playfully pushed me onto the

Soon she had me roll over. The treatment that followed involved her hands, breasts, and mouth fulfilling my wildest fantasies.

bed and took off one of my sandals. She squeezed my bare foot between her legs and held it firmly against her snatch while she took off the other sandal. I rubbed my foot against her wet love nest, making her moan. She rubbed my other foot across her full tits. I arched my back and Lynette pulled down my jeans. "Nice meat. And it's my favorite size," she said, as she squeezed and gently tugged my eight-inch cock.

When I stood up, she pulled off my T-shirt, then we took a quick shower together and stepped out to dry each other off. We used a towel, but I did find a few stray droplets that I had to lick off her tits and tight butt.

Lynette insisted that she give the first back rub. I got facedown on the bed, adjusting my hard-on so she could get started. She had her pussy riding on the heel of my right foot while she went to work on my back, butt, and legs like a pro. Soon she had me roll over onto my back. The treatment that followed involved her hands, breasts, and mouth fulfilling my wildest fantasies. She then sat on my face, and we sixty-nined until we both came.

Then it was Lynette's turn. I repeated the massage and caresses she'd just given me, including rubbing my cock and balls over the back of her thighs and ass. When I rolled her over, the fun was all mine—and the pleasure

was all hers. A couple of hours later, the sheets were soaked and we were both spent, but very content.

Lynette asked me if I wanted a beer. I told her I'd love one, so she got two out of the minibar. Just watching that naked goddess walk made my dick hard again.

She came back to the bed with the beers and noticed my hard-on. I'd barely had a sip of mine before she got on her knees and put her soft lips around my cock. In seconds, her lips and tongue had me ready to blow. Instead, Lynette turned around and told me to fuck her from behind. I stood up and pulled her to the edge of the bed. We'd just started when she raised one leg up and placed it over my shoulder. God, she was really limber.

"I love seeing a big dick sliding in and out of my pussy," she said with her head down between her arms. I'm a big fan of that position, too. I also had a full view of her boobs swinging with each stroke.

When I think about it now, not only was Lynette amazing in bed, but she was in full control from that first moment in the lounge. And I wouldn't have had it any other way.—V.P., Oklahoma

Double the Pleasure

I was happy to see Lisa when I arrived at the office New Year's party. We met five years ago on the job, and I've secretly lusted after her ever since. Even after meeting her husband Eric, I couldn't stop myself from staring at her. She was the sexiest woman I'd ever seen, and I wanted her more than anything.

About an hour into the party, Eric pulled me aside and made me an offer I couldn't refuse: a threesome with him and Lisa. After Eric assured me that he was serious, he said that Lisa had always wanted to have a threesome with two guys. Every time they talked about it, my name was the one she mentioned. How lucky am I?

Lisa smiled from ear to ear when Eric told her I'd accepted their proposition. Since we were all on the same page, we set out for Eric and Lisa's place.

In the bedroom, Lisa began to undress. After five years of undressing her with my eyes, I could hardly believe I was finally seeing the real deal. Her lush breasts and beautiful shaved pussy looked even better than

I had imagined. I couldn't wait to have my cock inside her.

Lisa stretched out in the middle of the bed and played with her pussy while Eric and I undressed. Then we formed a Lisa sandwich and began sucking on her big nipples while our fingers explored her gorgeous body. Mine found their way inside her juicy love box. I slowly pumped them in and out until she begged me to suck her pussy. I moved between her legs and hungrily ate her out until she cried out in pleasure.

Then Lisa said, "I need someone's cock inside me now!"

Eric pulled Lisa down onto his dick. He spread apart Lisa's cheeks, exposing the brown, puckered entrance to her bottom while I stroked the length of my cock, coating it with lube, and moved behind her.

"Oh, Connor, yes!" she screamed, as the head of my dick slowly disappeared into her beautiful, tight butt. "That's it. Put your cock all the way inside my ass."

With Eric deep inside Lisa's cunt and me fully entrenched in her rear, we slowly double-fucked her. She went absolutely crazy. The room filled with her pleas: "Fuck me! Fuck my pussy! Fuck my ass!"

Eric was the first to surrender, shooting his load inside Lisa's pussy. "Oh, yes! Come inside my pussy, baby," she cried out. "Now you,

I thrust deep into Lisa's ass until, with a final push, I let out a groan and spurted my hot come inside her beautiful backdoor.

Connor! Come inside my ass!"

I thrust hard and deep into Lisa until, with a final push, I let out a mighty groan and spurted my hot come inside her beautiful ass.

One session of double-fucking wasn't enough for Lisa, though. After showering, I took her juicy pussy while Eric buried his cock in her tight backdoor.

Eric shared his gorgeous wife with me until I left the next morning. While I have enjoyed many New Year's Eves, this one is going to be very hard to top.—C.V., Michigan

Love and Marriage

My wife and I have been married for seven years and we have two small children, so we don't have the same type of sex life that we had some years back. But while we make love less frequently and need to be more restrained than before, we still turn in memorable performances from time to time.

We had gone to our bedroom after a typically exhausting day of work and dealing with the kids. I stripped naked while Patti slid off her panties. She reached out and gently stroked my rapidly hardening cock. After a couple of minutes, I rolled over onto Patti and she guided my erection into her box. As our tongues explored each other's mouth, I slid one hand under her shirt and rubbed her erect nipples.

Before long, her shirt came off and we were both naked. My mouth moved from Patti's mouth to her breasts. I continued to roll her left nipple between my thumb and finger while I softly nibbled the right one.

Her hands came up and held her breasts, pushing her nipples together so I could lick them both. I slowed down my strokes, hoping to prolong the action, and slid only about two inches of my cock in and out of Patti's wet snatch. She reached down to rub her clit as I fucked her. Nothing drives me as wild as the sight of my wife masturbating in front of me, so it was all I could do not to explode right then.

I pulled out of Patti's pussy and we reversed positions. She took my throbbing cock into her beautiful mouth, tasting her own sweet juices in the process. I wasted no time spreading her pussy lips and letting my tongue go happily to work, while my other hand reached for her hard nipples.

Patti loves to suck my cock while she's having her pussy eaten, so we spend a lot of time in the sixty-nine position. As I worked my tongue over her dripping folds, she fucked herself with her fingers. With my mouth and her fingers working together, she was close to getting off in no time. Then she stopped giving me head and concentrated on working on her swollen cunt. I jumped off the bed and swung her legs toward me as she reached down with both hands and spread her pussy lips wide open. I plunged my tongue back into her sweet box, and she bent her legs, opening herself up to me even more. I slowly feathered my tongue over her asshole, up her pussy, and to her clit. Her juices were everywhere as she exploded with one orgasm after another.

She pulled me onto the bed and mounted me, with her back to my head. She positioned my dick on her pussy so that she could stroke cock and clit at the same time. After a few minutes, I pushed my dick into her hot, wet cunt. We fingered her clit together as I slid in and out, ramming it into the hilt. She rode me wildly.

I erupted, sending hot come deep inside my wife. She slowed her pace, finally releasing my worn-out cock. We fell asleep in each other's arms, happy knowing that we could still get one another as hot as ever.—F.G., Colorado

She Makes Her Move

Bruce and I met in college, and by chance we ran into each other a few years later at an airport. In the few





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minutes before catching our flights, we discovered we had both been recently transferred and had been living in the same city for nearly a month. Upon returning from our trips, we got together and started getting reacquainted. We enjoyed countless platonic nights, staying in with a movie or going out on the town. Then one night our relationship changed.

Bruce and I were relaxing on the couch watching a movie. As I am always a little chilly in his apartment, a blanket lay across my lap. During a sexy scene in the movie, I was suddenly overcome with desire. I imagined Bruce's kisses on my shoulder and his hand on the inside of my thigh. Pretty soon I thought I would explode. I squeezed my thighs together, which only intensified my urges. I needed to touch myself. As we sat side by side, I snuck my hand under the blanket. My fingers quickly found their way under my skirt and inside my panties. Trying to keep it a secret, I used tiny movements to caress my swollen clit. I was so enthralled in secretly pleasuring myself that I didn't hear Bruce ask if

I wanted a drink. As he repeated the offer, I turned to him and was jolted to see that his eyes were now fixed on the ever-so-slight movements below the blanket. I was caught. Before I could succumb to embarrassment, however, Bruce's hand touched the rising bulge in his pants.

My stomach was full of knots as sexual electricity consumed us both. Bruce showered my neck and shoulders with kisses as he whispered, "I've been waiting a long time for this." Chills ran down my spine. He stood up to remove his T-shirt, and I unzipped his jeans to unleash his throbbing shaft. Without a second thought, I bent to him and traced the outline of his cock with my tongue. He tensed and sucked in his breath as I wrapped my lips around his balls and licked up and down his swollen shaft.

With my right hand wrapped around the base of his cock and my left cupping and massaging his balls, I wrapped my lips around the head of his prick. I sucked him in deep until his breathing quickened and he pushed me off. "Not yet," he said. "It's your turn."

Bruce helped me out of the remainder of my clothes, and then stopped to take a drink from a glass of ice water on the coffee table. With an evil grin, he revealed the small piece of ice tucked in his mouth. With a deep kiss, he passed the ice to me and began a trail of kisses from my neck to my breasts. He teased me until I

As I worked my tongue over her dripping folds, she fucked herself with her fingers. She was close to getting off in no time.

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begged for his mouth on my hard nipples.

Each flutter of his lips and tongue across my nipples made my heart pound faster. I squirmed beneath his touch, trying to ease the ache between my legs, till I reached down and inserted a finger into my steaming pussy. With Bruce's mouth on my tits and my finger in my cunt, I was on the verge of exploding, but with a quick movement he drew my hand up to his mouth and hungrily sucked the nectar from my finger. I let out a loud wail and said, "Now! I need you now!"

Bruce picked me up and carried me to the bedroom. As I lay spread-eagle on the bed, he crawled between my thighs and pulled my legs over his shoulders. His tongue entered the juicy folds of my pussy and skillfully teased my clit. Moaning and writhing beneath him, I felt my desire building to climax as he continued this sweet torture by inserting a finger into my dripping cunt. It took only moments. My mouth opened in a silent scream, and I pulled Bruce's head closer to me as I came with a force I had never before experienced. He hummed with delight into my pussy as he lapped up my come with an eager tongue.

Though I was limp as a rug, the orgasm only made me hungry for more. I found myself taking control. I pushed him down, and once again directed my attention to his amazing cock. As my mouth surrounded it, he clawed at the sheets. Then, much to his dismay, I let his dick slip from my mouth. I climbed atop him and teasingly rubbed the head of his cock over my pussy lips, coating him with my juices. I took him into me, rocking until I had fully accepted him. Bruce grabbed my hips to steady us as we found our perfect rhythm, then pulled me closer to play with my tits as they bounced above him.

In one swift move, he rolled me over and took charge. He fucked harder and faster, and I felt the heat build in me once again as he hit my G spot with each thrust. I knew I was close to coming, and I urged him on. Unable to control myself, I let out a scream while I rode the waves of my climax.

Compelled by my muscles clenching him as I came, Bruce squeezed me to him, and I felt his cock spray hot come deep inside me. We collapsed together, exhausted and sharing wicked smiles. When I awoke the next morning wrapped in Bruce's strong arms, I was glad that I'd finally gotten my man.—*M.U., North Dakota*

■ Making It Mile-High

I was excited and nervous in my easy-access stretch top and short skirt when we boarded the plane. After we found our seats and settled in, I pulled out a magazine and flipped through the pages, but my mind was on other things. I glanced over at Luke and he gave me that knowing smile, the one that means something good is coming my way.

I spread a blanket across my lap, and Luke's hand immediately began inching its way up under my skirt. I wasn't wearing any panties and had shaved myself clean that morning, so when he touched my warm snatch it felt smooth and slick. I felt a wave of sudden heat rush through my body. By the time the plane took off, he was two-fingers deep in my dripping pussy.

As soon as the seat-belt light went off, I headed for the restroom, knowing he'd follow. I was so horny I couldn't stand it, but I didn't have to wait very long. A few seconds later, he pushed open the door to the tiny compartment. I pulled him inside and locked the door behind him.

I kissed him and practically ripped open his shirt as he pulled off my top so my nipples could press up against his hard chest. We were in a tight lip-lock when he pulled up my skirt and began squeezing my ass, pulling me against his rigid cock.

Undaunted by the cramped quarters, he worked his way down to my navel, briefly caressing it with his tongue. He continued kissing his way down, until his tongue stroked the inside of my folds, searching for that hidden sweet spot. When he found it, my body—already trembling—shook violently as I was rocked by a tremendous climax.

I gripped his shoulders and pulled him up, unbuttoned his jeans, and lowered my head to run my tongue down the length of his shaft. Oh, God, I wanted him so much. I guided my tongue toward his balls and sucked them one at a time into my mouth. His cock was jumping in anticipation of my hot, wet mouth. I placed my lips over the head and slowly took him in, but our time was limited.

He pulled me up and sat me atop the sink. I felt the rush coming—that overwhelming excitement right before the initial thrust. He knew me so well. His lips covered mine, muting my scream. All I could do was moan as

I sucked his tongue in rhythm with his thrusts. He slammed into me deeper and harder until, overwhelmed with passion and lust, we both finally climaxed.

We dressed ourselves, shared one last long kiss, and left the small compartment one at a time to return to our seats. While we shared some wine, I mentally crossed "jet" off my list of interesting places to have sex.—*T.S., Canada*

Three for All

My girlfriend and I have known Christie and Carter since college. Carter and I began collecting porn while we were in school and still borrow each other's movies, but now we watch them with our girlfriends.

One night, while the four of us were out drinking, Christie and Carter brought along the last batch of movies they'd borrowed. Neither of them could keep a straight face as they handed me the DVDs. Amy and I had no idea what was so funny until Christie said, "You guys are something else! Do you always make home movies and lend them to your friends?"

Amy and I looked at the DVDs and still hadn't a clue as to what was going on, until Carter opened one of the cases and showed us the disc. Clearly written in my handwriting was "Tim

and Amy's Sex Tales." Obviously, one of us had put our homemade porn in the wrong case. As the finger-pointing began, we all laughed hysterically. What could be funnier than knowing that your best friends had watched you and your girlfriend have incredibly kinky sex?

"Well, I hope you guys had as much fun watching it as we did making it!" I said.

"Oh, we did!" Carter said, as his gaze kept shifting toward Amy. "The sex was so hot, it inspired us to create our own movie."

"And since we've seen yours, we think you should see ours—if you want to," Christie said.

"I can't wait!" I said, as images of a totally naked Christie filled my head. I'd fantasized about her quite a few times, and if ever given the chance, I'd do her. I knew Amy felt the same way about Carter. We'd speculated about swapping with them, but didn't really know how to suggest it. But then it occurred to me that maybe Amy had come up with a way of initiating things, like "accidentally" putting our DVD in the wrong case. I knew I hadn't

As soon as the seat-belt light went off, I headed for the restroom, knowing he'd follow. I was so horny I couldn't stand it.



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done it—I never put anything away.

"I won't be able to think about anything else until I see you two in action," Amy said. That settled it. We agreed to have "porn night" the following weekend at our place.

But things didn't go exactly the way I'd hoped. The following weekend, Carter had to go out of town on business. I invited Christie to stay with Amy and me. She accepted, but what I didn't know was that Amy had already invited her over, and that the two of them had been planning something all week long.

After dinner, I thought we were still going to watch porn, but Christie wanted to wait until Carter came back. I'd settled down to watch TV and was on the verge of dozing off when Amy called me into the bedroom. When I opened the door, I found Amy and Christie wearing black velvet-and-lace French-maid outfits. Christie was wearing black pumps, fishnet stockings, and black lace panties. Amy opted for black mules, white panties, and no stockings. Their voluptuous breasts threatened to spill out of their low-cut tops as they pressed against each other.

"Surprise!" they yelled.

I was surprised all right—and thrilled!

They beckoned me toward them, so I gave each scantily clad girl a kiss before letting them remove my clothes. They pushed me down on the bed, and Christie started sucking my cock while Amy's tongue snaked around my balls. They took turns sucking and stroking. Every time they switched places, they kissed each other, teasing me as their ample breasts brushed against my cock.

As the girls' tag-teaming began to take its toll, Christie nudged Amy out of the way and took over. When I couldn't take the pressure any longer, I stood up and prepared to shoot my load. Amy deep-throated me once more, and released me just in time for me to come all over her mouth and chin. Christie cleaned off my cock, then licked my jizz off Amy's face.

After Christie sucked me hard again, the girls became more creative, and pulled their ample breasts out of the French-maid outfits and sucked each other's nipples. Then they positioned themselves on either side of me, and pressed my cock between their breasts as I pumped up and down. Christie stood between my legs and slid my cock between her breasts, while Amy stood behind her and pressed Christie's tits together. This was more than I could handle, and I told the girls to stop so we could fuck.

Wasting no time, Christie rolled a condom onto my dick, climbed on top of me, and impaled herself on my meat. I grabbed her hips as she rode up and down, encouraging her to quicken the pace. Before long I had her coming. The feel of her tight muscles as she finished was too much for me, and I came with a roar. Drained and spent, I collapsed on the bed and watched the girls get each other off until all three of us fell asleep in one sloppy pile.

It was definitely a night I will fantasize about for the rest of my life, but I'm already thinking about next Friday, when I have to work late. Amy will be spending the evening with Christie and Carter, and I can only imagine what they have in store for him. — T.W., *New Jersey* 〇十一

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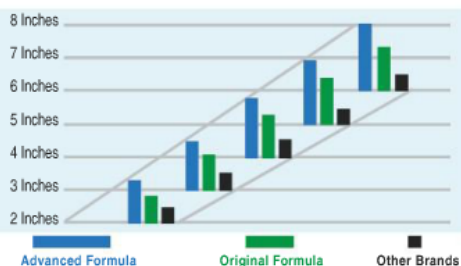
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EXPIRES: Month/Year

CVS CODE 3-digit Security Code found on back of card or 4-digits on front of American Express

PRO+PLUS ADVANCED FORMULA

<input type="checkbox"/> 60 Days Supply (30 Days Plus 30 Days FREE)	\$60.00	\$
<input type="checkbox"/> 120 Days Supply (60 Days Plus 60 Days FREE)	\$110.00	\$
<input type="checkbox"/> 240 Days Supply (120 Days Plus 120 Days FREE)	\$160.00	\$
<input type="checkbox"/> 360 Days Supply (180 Days Plus 180 Days FREE)	\$210.00	\$

PRO+PLUS ORIGINAL FORMULA

<input type="checkbox"/> 60 Days Supply (30 Days Plus 30 Days FREE)	\$50.00	\$
<input type="checkbox"/> 120 Days Supply (60 Days Plus 60 Days FREE)	\$90.00	\$
<input type="checkbox"/> 240 Days Supply (120 Days Plus 120 Days FREE)	\$130.00	\$
<input type="checkbox"/> 360 Days Supply (180 Days Plus 180 Days FREE)	\$170.00	\$

PRO+PLUS XTREME

FREE 4 PACK WITH ANY PRO+PLUS ADVANCED OR ORIGINAL FORMULA
Please Specify Quantities

<input type="checkbox"/> FREE 4 Pack (4 Capsules).....	Only \$9.95	\$
<input type="checkbox"/> 12 Packs of 4 Capsules (48 Capsules)	Only \$48.75	\$
<input type="checkbox"/> 144 Packs of 4 Capsules (576 Capsules)	Only \$300.00	\$

SUPER FORMULAS ONLY \$25.00 EACH OR SELECT ONE FREE

WITH ANY PRO+PLUS ADVANCED OR ORIGINAL FORMULA

Select Any **THREE FREE** With a 240 Days Supply **PRO+PLUS PILLS.**

Select Any **SIX FREE** With a 360 Days Supply **PRO+PLUS PILLS.**

Please specify Quantities

<input type="checkbox"/> Sexciter To Excite Women.....	FREE	\$
<input type="checkbox"/> Sexciter To Excite Men	FREE	\$
<input type="checkbox"/> Attract-A-Mate To Attract Women	FREE	\$
<input type="checkbox"/> Attract-A-Mate To Attract Men	FREE	\$
<input type="checkbox"/> Ultra Perform Erection Cream	FREE	\$
<input type="checkbox"/> Super V Pills.....	FREE	\$

TOTAL PURCHASE: \$

CA Residents add 9% sales tax: \$

Shipping, Rush Service and Insurance \$20.00 VALUE ONLY \$ **14.95**

TOTAL ENCLOSED OR CHARGED: \$

Orders discreetly shipped with UPS or Priority Mail.

Foreign Orders - Money Order in U.S. Funds Only. Add \$25.00 S&H.

SIGNATURE (I am over 18 and agree to the terms of avidpromedical and avidpromedical.com)

NAME (print)

ADDRESS

CITY/STATE/ZIP

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PRO+PLUS XTREME IMMEDIATE FIRM ERECTIONS

FOR THE MAN WHO WANTS IMMEDIATE RESULTS

Can Work In 30 Minutes. Effective Up To 36 Hours.

For men who want to improve their sexual performance and enhance erection firmness.

Intense Erections, Incredible Orgasms, Increase Sensitivity, Arousal and Sexual Stamina. Dynamic staying power. Greater Self-Confidence. 100% Natural. Frequent and longer lasting intimacy. Take your partner to new levels of satisfaction. You can have longer, firmer erections and stronger climaxes. Carry the PRO+PLUS XTREME handy 4 pack with you all the time.

BE READY ANYTIME. FREE 4 PACK WITH ANY PRO+PLUS ADVANCED OR ORIGINAL FORMULA

MORE DOCTOR APPROVED SUPER FORMULAS

SPECIAL OFFER! \$25.00 EACH OR FREE WITH ANY PRO+PLUS ADVANCED OR ORIGINAL FORMULA.

SEXCITER FOR WOMEN MAKES WOMEN DESIRE SEX!

Can be taken by mouth or put in any liquid without detection, but you should get her permission. She will become excited and desire you.

Our SEXCITER FOR MEN can help increase the male sex drive.

SEXCITER TO EXCITE WOMEN: 130 doses.

Reg. \$49.95 NOW ONLY \$25.00

SEXCITER TO EXCITE MEN: 130 doses.

Reg. \$49.95 NOW ONLY \$25.00



SEXUALLY ATTRACT WOMEN WITH ATTRACT-A-MATE!

Used like cologne or after-shave the Pheromone fragrance drives women to you and makes you irresistible. You will ignite her wildest desires. It's done by scent alone, you don't have to say a word. Only you know the secret. You will be amazed how women will become passionate.

ATTRACT-A-MATE to attract women.

40 applications Reg. \$49.95 NOW ONLY \$25.00

ATTRACT-A-MATE to attract men.

40 applications Reg. \$49.95 NOW ONLY \$25.00



ULTRA PERFORM ERECTION CREAM

(apply directly to the penis)

Can help increase blood flow to the penis for harder, thicker powerful erections. Heightens sensations with intense orgasms.

Can help increase your sexual performance and help stop premature ejaculations.

ULTRA PERFORM ERECTION CREAM 2 oz. jar. Reg. \$49.95 Now only \$25.00.

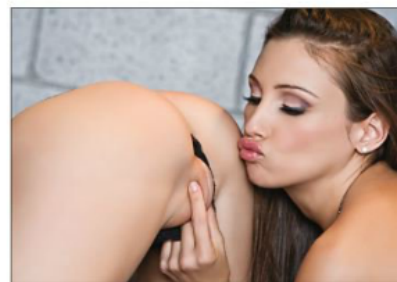


SUPER V PILLS FOR MEN

The Natural alternative that will give you harder, longer lasting throbbing erections. SUPER V Pills makes it possible for you to obtain and maintain a super hard erection. Young or old you can have rock hard erections and stronger climaxes. Can help stop pre-mature ejaculations and reduce the recovery time between sexual intervals.

Super V supercharges the body to restore sexual virility. Take your partner to new levels of sexual satisfaction.

30 Pills Reg. \$49.95. NOW ONLY \$25.00



Uniformity

You can put a sexy girl in camo, but you can't make her blend into the background. In fact, we're pretty sure February 2012 Pet of the Month Brett Rossi and July 2005 Pet of the Month Celeste Star never blend into the background. And when they're this hot together, we want them right where we can see them. See even more at Penthouse.com.



will she?™

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